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Your Boy

[At Mesa, Arizona, November 18, 1925, there were 535 Fathers and Sons who met and enjoyed a reunion and partook of a big bean feast. This poetic tribute was written by our well known poet and author in honor of the occasion. She had *three boys and a husband* present.—*Editors.*]

There isn't a boy in the world—not one—
  But longs to be big like you,
Who thrills at the sound when you call him "Son!"
  And copies the things you do,
Whose shoulders braced to the world's demand,
  Are broad and squared and strong,
As yours are squared when you take his hand
  And lead that boy along!

There isn't a boy on the wide flung map,
  But longs for your manly pace,
Who chafes at the years and the long-grown gap
  Till he stands with you face to face—
A kingly giant in miniature,
  Evolving might on might—
A god to be, just as true and sure
  As you lead that boy aright!

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

ONE DOZEN OF THE ONE THOUSAND

At the October Conference, a call was made for one thousand men of mature years, to labor in the mission fields of the United States, Canada or Mexico, for at least six months, paying their own expenses both going and coming. The response is very gratifying, many having already left for their fields of labor. The above two groups comprise one dozen men of the one thousand. They were at the Missionary Home, Salt Lake City, November 12-19, 1925.

Above: J. Waldo Parry, Provo, to Canada; Nils Lofgren, Huntsville, Utah, to Western states; Henry T. Brown, Ogden, to Western states; Wilford W. Clark, Georgetown, Idaho, to Central states; Ira C. Fletcher, Magrath, Canada, to Eastern states.

Below: Lester J. Gruwell, Burley, Idaho, to Mexico; David Stalker, Burley, Idaho, to Central states; Duncan M. Gillies, Beaver, Utah, to California; Thomas L. Redford, Logan, Utah, to Southern states; William H. Smart, Rundelett, Utah, to Southern states; Franklin Badger, Holden, Utah, to Western states; Leland M. Pack, Ioka, Utah, to Central states.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST*

BY ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Presbyterianism's Problem

An American newspaper of recent date has a communicated article from which I take the following:

"Columbus, Ohio, May 19, 1925.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which for the purpose of Church government corresponds to the Congress of the United States, is likely to decide within the next week whether a minister may still remain a minister if he answers: 'I don't know,' or 'I don't believe so,' when asked whether Jesus Christ really raised the dead, walked on water and was born of a virgin mother. * * *

"The Presbyterian Church will face its problem with two determined groups standing militant on either side of the question and a third group in the middle.

"The fundamentalists, who accept the Bible as the Divine word, hold that Jesus, to be God, must be omnipotent, capable of any miracle. * * * the all-powerful God of the universe.

"The modernists, or religious radicals of the clergy, who have been most conspicuous in New York, do not assert that Jesus Christ was no miracle worker. They do not claim that he would be unable, if so minded, to perform a modern miracle. They simply aren't convinced that he was or could.

"The fundamentalists want the dissenters to accept the Presbyterian religion as it is, or get out of the Presbyterian clergy. The modernists, regarding themselves as advanced thinkers, want the rest to catch up with them. And the element in between, who seem to be divided as to their leanings, want above all a constitutional, judicial trial of the case and abhor the idea of summary action."

Thus far the article in question.

The M. I. A. Slogan

At a time when the Divine character and mission of the world's Redeemer are being questioned, even by many professing Christians, it is a cause for congratulation and rejoicing that there is still found

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"faith on the earth"—faith in Jesus Christ as the very Son of God, as the virgin-born Savior of mankind, as the anointed and foreordained messenger of Him who "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Among those who hold fast to this conviction, are the Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons." And tonight we unfurl our banner, emblazoned with the slogan of the young men and young women of Zion: *"We stand for an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ."*

How Testimony Comes

Such testimony can come but in one way—God's way, not man's. Books can not give it. Schools can not bestow it. No human power can impart it. It comes, if it comes at all, as a gift of God, by direct and immediate revelation from on high.

Said Jesus to his chief Apostle: "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter answered: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then said Jesus: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 16:15-17).

Such was the basis of Peter's testimony and such is the basis of every real testimony of like character. They all rest upon the same foundation.

Testimony means evidence, and it may consist of divers things, fruits of the Gospel's varied gifts. Dreams, visions, prophecies, tongues and their interpretation, healings and other manifestations of the Divine Spirit, are all included in the category.

The Surest Evidence

But the greatest and most convincing of all testimonies is the soul's illumination under the kindling and enlightening power of the Holy Ghost—the Comforter, promised by the Savior to his disciples, to abide with them after he had departed, to bring things past to their remembrance and show them things to come, making manifest the things of God, past, present and future.

God's Greatest Gift

By that Spirit and by that alone can men know God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent—to know whom, and to act consistently with that knowledge, is to lay hold upon eternal life. No greater thing can come to men while in the flesh than the knowledge of how to secure that greatest of all heavenly gifts.

To know God, man must know himself, must know whence he came, why he is here, what is expected of him by the One who sent him here, where he is going when he leaves this mortal life, and what awaits him in the great hereafter. The Holy Spirit is the

fountain from which flows this knowledge, the most precious that men can possess. By means of it comes the testimony that Jesus Christ was and is Divine.

The Everlasting Gospel

Such a testimony was had by the patriarchs and prophets of old. They were not without the gospel, and its glorious gifts. The Holy Ghost did not make its first appearance upon this planet in the days of Jesus and his Apostles. Men had seen God before that time, and had enjoyed the sweet influence and wonder-working power of his Spirit. Framed in the heavens before this earth was organized, the gospel had been among men in a series of dispensations, long before it was preached by the Apostles in the meridian of time.

Testimony of the Ages

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—the burden of righteous Job's exultant cry, welling up from the depths of his sorely tried, suffering, yet patient soul—is echoed from ten thousand hearts, yea, ten thousand times ten thousand of the faithful and the just, whose heaven-inspired testimonies have come ringing down the ages, from the days of Adam to the days of Joseph Smith. The Holy Scriptures are replete with testimonies of Christ's divinity, attested by miracles and wonders manifold.

A Life and Death Divine

But even if Christ had wrought no miracle—even if he had not walked upon the water, healed the sick, cast out devils, given sight to the blind, caused the lame to walk, or done anything else that men deem supernatural, was there not that about him which bore unimpeachable testimony to his divinity?

What could be more divine than the life of One who "went about doing good," teaching men to forgive their enemies, to pray for those who persecuted them, and to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them? And did he not set the example of Godlike magnanimity, by craving, while upon the cross in the agonies of death, Heaven's pardon upon his guilty murderers? "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

What could be more divine than that. Who but a God could offer such a prayer at such a time? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But here was One who could lay down his life for his enemies, as well as his friends. No mere man could do that. It took a God to die for all men—foes as well as friends—and that act alone stamps divinity upon the character and mission of Jesus Christ.

The Men Who Knew

The Twelve Apostles were his special witnesses. As such they

had to know beyond all question that he was what he claimed to be. It was a new thing that was required of them. They were to vouch for his resurrection—and there had been no resurrection upon this planet until Christ came forth from the grave. He was "the first fruits of them that slept." Those Apostles had to know, not merely believe. They could not go into the world and say: "We believe Jesus has risen from the dead—such is our opinion, our conviction." What impression would that have made upon a sin-hardened generation? No; mere belief would not suffice in their case. They must know, and they did know, for they had seen and heard him, had even been permitted to touch him, that they might be convinced that he was indeed the resurrection and the life. It was their right to possess this knowledge, owing to the unique character of their mission. But the world at large was required to believe what the Apostles testified concerning him.

The Case of Thomas

One of the Twelve was absent when his brethren received their first visitation from the risen Redeemer; and when they said, "We have seen the Lord," he—Thomas—answered: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Subsequently the Savior appeared to Thomas, saying: "Behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." "My Lord and my God," exclaimed the doubter—and was convinced (John 20:24-28).

Thomas has been censured for demanding to see and to feel before he would believe. How much blame attaches to him for doubting, I will not presume to say. But this much seems clear: He had the same right as the rest of the Twelve to a personal appearing of the Lord—the right to come in contact with him of whose resurrection he was required to testify. The others had seen and heard—perhaps had even felt, for Jesus offered them that privilege. Why should not Thomas share in the same experience? What else could completely qualify him as a special witness of the resurrection?

Belief and Knowledge

Sign-seeking is an abomination, indicating an adulterous disposition. It is blessed to believe without seeing, since by the exercise of faith comes spiritual development, one of the great objects of man's earthly existence; while knowledge, by swallowing up faith, prevents its exercise, thus hindering that development. "Knowledge is power;" and all things are to be known in due season. But premature knowledge—knowing at the wrong time—is fatal both to progress and to happiness.

The case of the Apostles was exceptional. They stood in a peculiar position. It was better for them to know—nay, absolutely

essential—in order to give the requisite force and power to their tremendous testimony.

Power From on High

And yet, even in their case, something more than the seeing of the eye, than the hearing of the ear, than the touch of the senses, was necessary to enable them to know and to testify of Christ's divinity. Peter knew, before the resurrection, that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God—knew it by divine revelation; and his brethren of the Twelve were entitled to the same knowledge, by the same means of imparting it.

That something besides his appearing to them in a resurrected state was necessary to qualify them for their work is shown by the fact that after that appearing, and after he had commissioned them to go "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," they were commanded by him to tarry at Jerusalem until they were "endued with power from on high." They obeyed, and the power came upon them—"a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind." "Cloven tongues like as of fire * * * sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:2-4).

That same power the Apostles gave to others, even to all who had faith in Jesus Christ, who had repented of their sins, and had been cleansed by baptism at the hands of those having divine authority to so officiate; to the end that they might receive the Holy Ghost and by continued obedience win life everlasting.

Latter-day Testimony

So much for the days of old. Now as to modern times. Joseph Smith, to whom the Father and the Son revealed themselves in the early decades of the nineteenth century, and through whom the everlasting gospel, with all its ancient gifts and blessings, was restored at the opening of this last and greatest of the gospel dispensations; Joseph Smith, who with Sidney Rigdon saw the Son of God sitting on the right hand of God, and gazed upon the glories of eternity; Joseph Smith, who with Oliver Cowdery beheld Jehovah, even Jesus Christ, standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit in the Kirtland Temple; Joseph, the martyred Prophet, who gave his life to lay the foundations of this work—he left upon record more than one mighty testimony to the divinity of Jesus Christ. And tens of thousands of faithful Saints have rejoiced and are rejoicing in those testimonies, confirmed to them by the all-convincing power of the Holy Ghost.

In the Mission Field

May I add my mite to the mass of evidence upon this all-important theme? Fifty years ago, or something less, I was a young

missionary in the State of Pennsylvania. I had been praying for a testimony of the truth, but beyond that had not displayed much zeal in missionary labor. My companion, a veteran in the cause, chided me for my lack of diligence in this direction. "You ought to be studying the books of the Church," said he; "you were sent out to preach the Gospel, not to write for the newspapers"—for that was what I was doing at the time.

I knew he was right, but I still kept on, fascinated by the discovery that I could wield a pen, and preferring that to any other occupation except the drama, my early ambition, which I had laid upon the altar when, as a youth of twenty-one, I accepted a call to the mission field.

In Gethsemane

One night I dreamed—if dream it may be called—that I was in the Garden of Gethsemane, a witness of the Savior's agony. I saw Him as plainly as I see this congregation. I stood behind a tree in the foreground, where I could see without being seen. Jesus, with Peter, James and John, came through a little wicket gate at my right. Leaving the three Apostles there, after telling them to kneel and pray, he passed over to the other side, where he also knelt and prayed. It was the same prayer with which we are all familiar: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26:36-44; Mark 14:32-41; Luke 22:42).

As he prayed the tears streamed down his face, which was toward me. I was so moved at the sight that I wept also, out of pure sympathy with his great sorrow. My whole heart went out to him, I loved him with all my soul, and longed to be with him as I longed for nothing else.

Presently he arose and walked to where the Apostles were kneeling—fast asleep! He shook them gently, awoke them, and in a tone of tender reproach, untinctured by the least suggestion of anger or scolding asked them if they could not watch with him one hour. There he was, with the weight of the world's sin upon his shoulders, with the pangs of every man, woman and child shooting through his sensitive soul—and they could not watch with him one poor hour!

Returning to his place, he prayed again, and then went back and found them again sleeping. Again he awoke them, admonished them, and returned and prayed as before. Three times this happened, until I was perfectly familiar with his appearance—face, form and movements. He was of noble stature and of majestic mien—not at all the weak, effeminate being that some painters have portrayed—a very God among men, yet as meek and lowly as a little child.

All at once the circumstance seemed to change, the scene remaining just the same. Instead of before, it was after the crucifixion, and the Savior, with those three Apostles, now stood together in a group

at my left. They were about to depart and ascend into Heaven. I could endure it no longer. I ran out from behind the tree, fell at his feet, clasped him around the knees, and begged him to take me with him.

I shall never forget the kind and gentle manner in which He stooped and raised me up and embraced me. It was so vivid, so real, that I felt the very warmth of his bosom against which I rested. Then He said: "No, my son; these have finished their work, and they may go with me, but you must stay and finish yours." Still I clung to him. Gazing up into his face—for he was taller than I—I besought him most earnestly: "Well, promise me that I will come to you at the last." He smiled sweetly and tenderly and replied: "That will depend entirely upon yourself." I awoke with a sob in my throat, and it was morning.

The Moral of the Tale

"That's from God," said my companion (Elder A. M. Musser), when I had related it to him. "I don't need to be told that," was my reply. I saw the moral clearly. I had never thought that I would be an Apostle, or hold any other office in the Church; and it did not occur to me even then. Yet I knew that those sleeping apostles meant me. I was asleep at my post—as any man is, or any woman, who, having been divinely appointed to do one thing, does another.

President Young's Counsel

But from that hour all was changed—I was a different man. I did not give up writing, for President Brigham Young, having noticed some of my contributions in the home papers, wrote advising me to cultivate what he called my "gift for writing" so that I might use it in future years "for the establishment of truth and righteousness upon the earth." This was his last word of counsel to me. He died the same year, while I was still in the mission field, though laboring then in the State of Ohio. I continued to write, but it was for the Church and Kingdom of God. I held that first and foremost; all else was secondary.

The Speaker's Testimony

Then came the divine illumination, which is greater than all dreams, visions, and other manifestations combined. By the light of God's candle—the gift of the Holy Ghost—I saw what till then I had never seen, I learned what till then I had never known, I loved the Lord as I had never loved Him before. My soul was satisfied, my joy was full, for I had a testimony of the truth, and it has remained with me to this day.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Not even Job knew it better. I have evidence that I can not doubt; and this is why I am found among those who tonight unfurl the slogan for which we stand, possess-

ing and proclaiming an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

THE DIVINE REDEEMER

He wandered through the faithless world,
  A Prince in shepherd guise;
He called his scattered flock, but few
  The voice could recognize;
For minds upborne by hollow pride,
  Or dimmed by sordid lust,
Ne'er look for kings in peasant's garb,
  For diamonds in the dust.

Wept he above a city doomed,
  Her temple, walls and towers,
O'er palaces where recreant priests
  Usurped unhallowed powers.
"I am the Way, the Life, the Light!"
  Alas! 'twas heeded not.
Ignored—nay, mocked God's Messenger,
  And spurned the gift he brought.

O bane of damning unbelief!
  Thou source of lasting strife,
Thou stumbling stone, thou barrier 'thwart
  The gates of endless life!
O love of self, and Mammon's lust,
  Twin portals to despair,
Where bigotry, the blinded bat,
  Flaps through the midnight air!

Through these, gloom-wrapt Gethsemane!
  Thy glens of guilty shade
Grieved o'er the sinless Son of God,
  By gold-bought kiss betrayed:
Beheld him unresisting dragged,
  Forsaken, friendless, lone,
To halls where dark-browed Hatred sat
  On Judgment's lofty throne.

As sheep before his shearers, dumb,
  Those patient lips were mute;
The clamorous charge of taunting tongues
  He deigned not to dispute.
They smote with cruel palm a face
  Which felt yet bore the sting;
Then crowned with thorns his quivering brow,
  And, mocking, hailed him, "King!"

Transfixed he hung—O crime of crimes!
  The God whom worlds adore.
"Father forgive them!" Drained the dregs;
  Immanuel was no more.
No more where thunders shook the earth,
  Where lightnings, 'thwart the gloom,
Saw that unconquered Spirit spurn
  The shackles of the tomb.

Far-flashing on its wings of light,
A falchion from its sheath,
It cleft the realms of darkness and
Dissolved the bands of death.
Hell's dungeons burst, wide open swung
The everlasting bars,
Whereby the ransomed soul shall win
Those heights beyond the stars.

ELIAS, part of Canto 3.

Eternal Hope

(Inspired from Paul's declaration to Titus, Titus 1-2)

In hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie,
Promised before the world began;
Its dreams of Death's abysmal span,
His dark-twined roots around thy heart,
That frames the hope to cry from deep
Within thy soul, my friend,
When thou hast gazed with solemn stare
Upon the placid, rigid, corpse;
Was't then thy love for Life was born;
Within the fear, that, Death is end?

Or dost thy cherished hope to live,
Out-reach the fear of Death's cold thrust?
And canst thou rise above the dread,
That Death so surely claims his own;
And smile in faith when thoughts present
And dreams review, that dust to dust,
Is Nature's recompense to Time,
To be restored when Time hath flown?

Wonderest thou if Time alone
Doth restitution claim and hold?
Shall Nature waste herself then mock
The heaving sigh of her last breath?
Shall all the sheaves of Truth and ken
Be forfeited in black disdain
To satisfy the measure of one worthless curse—
Eternal death?

Plant not thy hope, thy trust, my friend,
In shallow soil of death and tears,
Think not that God's Eternity
Is measured by the inch of mortal span,
Hope hath not sprung to life
Within the realm of carnal years;
'Twas promised us by God in Christ,
Before the world began.

LE MAX SAXON

MYSELF AND I

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve and President of the British Mission

I have to live with myself more than with anybody else. My self and I are inseparable companions for this life, aye, and beyond, for we are immortal, myself and I, and shall dwell together as one in eternity.

Do we know each other as we should? Are we congenial and reasonably happy in this companionship, or do we become irritating, annoying and disagreeable?

Much of the sweet or the bitter in life depends upon the company we keep, whether that company be of our own choosing or the result of conditions beyond our control. In what sort of a company am I when nobody but myself is near?

Some there are whose self-companionship is distressingly harmful. Every hour they spend alone—together—is an hour to the bad. Left to themselves they think of evil, mutter wickedness to each other, and revel in pernicious gossip. In the dim secrecy of self-communion they foment loathsome quarrels and concoct ill-smelling discord. Intoxicated with their own foul brew they see only distortion in the acts and motives of others, whose most worthy efforts appear to their blear eyes as of sinister purpose. In thought they indulge debasing lusts and stain their souls with sins of the heart. It would be better for them were they never alone. They do not deserve the blessed privileges of solitude, albeit a prison cell with a watchful warden ever by their side would be to their advantage.

Let us be grateful for the contrast of those whose best company is that of themselves. There are many such, otherwise this world would be worse than it is. I know some of these, and not a few—men and women who live in the high and refined society of their choice selves, who are veritably a benediction unto themselves, and therefore inevitably unto others. To them an hour of solitude is an hour to the good. Their thoughts are ennobling, their soliloquies inspiring; and to their fellows they impute, in just measure, the worthiness of their own sterling attributes. The sacred privacy of their communion with self is glorified by rectitude in purpose and effort. Illumined by divine light such as is invoked by their probity of desire and so graciously shed upon them, they view the things of life with clear vision and normal perspective. When alone they bask in the sunshine of righteous ambition, and yet further whiten their souls by holy contemplation.

Occasionally myself and I are permitted to visit in the cozy heart-homes of some of these blessed ones, and there we learn how to make our own sanctum more inviting and inspiring. We are all

affected by our surroundings though in varying degrees; a clean and orderly environment is conducive to cleanliness and order of the person placed therein. Thus it becomes not only worth-while but indispensable to our well-being that we keep in the best possible state that little alcove of the soul into which we retire for self-examination and personal communion.

How is your private chamber furnished and beautified? And how is mine—the room wherein myself and I ensconce ourselves to think alone, talk with each other, and together pray? It should be comfortable and in every way pleasing. The floor is cold, hard, or soft-carpeted with the memories of good deeds—which? There are pictures on the walls, whether the apartment be poverty-stricken or palatial, yes, pictures of the past; but what do they show? They may depict scenes we never should have witnessed, sins that should have remained to us unknown; or each may be a masterpiece in unfading colors immortalizing deeds in which the angels have joy.

Myself and I should know each other well. We should visit together often; and between us there must be unreserved confidence and implicit trust. I must have such respect for myself as to do all that I ought to do, and refrain from doing anything that I ought not to do, though no mortal but myself may know of the act or the omission.

And so it is with yourself and you. Don't you think so?

—*Millennial Star.*

When a Man Offers

To give diamonds or jewelry worth several dollars for only a dollar, don't believe it.

To give away the knowledge of a sure cure for disease by merely sending him a stamp to prepay postage, don't believe it.

To make you rich for a small investment in mines or stock, don't believe it.

To give you something of great value for something of less value, don't believe it.

To take you as a partner with a small investment, and make you realize five hundred per cent profit, don't believe it.

There are too many persons advertising on purpose to filch people of money gained by hard labor. Before entering any speculation take advantage of every means at your command to ascertain the facts with reference to the proposed business before you invest even a postage stamp.

D. C. RETSLOFF, *San Diego, Calif.*

GOD THE FATHER'S PURPOSES IN CREATION*

By Elder Brigham H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy and President of the Eastern States Mission

I thank God for music, and for these gifted sons and daughters of God who vocally and on instruments can produce it. If I could only preach the gospel as these gifted sons and daughters of God sing it, and could produce in the souls of men the thrills that come to me when the truth is set to music, and artistically rendered, I would ask no other wealth or gift from God.

Important Principles Treated

When the sessions of our conference closed on Sunday afternoon I felt that if nothing more should be added, this conference would go down in history as of great importance, because of the treatment that had been already given upon great and fundamental principles, principles of highest importance, and especially at this present time, and in view of the waves of religious thought and irreligious thought that are sweeping over our nation, and I presume over other nations also. But when I stand before you to make my own very humble contribution to this historic conference, it is with a great deal of misgiving, and I approach that brief and humble task with much trepidation.

Why Are People?

On my way home from the Eastern States I bought some magazines with which to while away the tedium of the journey, and in one of them I was attracted by this title: *"It Is a Wise Father Who Can Answer His Own Child."*

In the course of setting forth that thought the father who wrote the article describes how a son about eight years of age said to him one day:

"Daddy, why are people?" The father felt that "an armful" had been handed him, according to his own confession. So he stalled a little and replied to his son that that was a question that had been debated some five or ten thousand years, and it was not quite certain yet that anybody had found the right answer.

"Well," said the boy, "that's funny." Then, after a silence he said again: "Daddy, don't you think that is funny?" The father again stalled and he said: "Well, it is just possible that if we knew everything, life would not be so very interesting." "Well," per-

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*An address delivered at the October Semi-Annual Conference of the Church, Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 6, 1925.

sisted the boy, "I think it is funny. Now I have to go out and play ball the rest of the afternoon, and if you find out anything I would like to hear it at dinner."

The Theme Treated by King David

Now of course that may be a strange way of presenting a great theme. It has been much thought of, and the question put in a more worthy form. I think perhaps the poet-prophet of Israel, King David, stated the question in a manner much more worthy, and I call your attention to it. It is very familiar to you, but I am sure it is worthy of your further consideration:

"Oh Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens. * * *

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

"All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

"The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

David here asks some very important questions. He does not answer them, however, either in this psalm nor in any subsequent one. St. Paul quotes this passage from David in his letter to the Hebrews, but he does not answer the questions.

The Purposes of God in the Creation Not Adequately Stated

This passage brings up the questions of the purposes of God in the creation; but these two prophets, David and Paul, do not give answers to the questions they ask. None of the philosophers outside of those cults that have been recognized as founded upon revelation from God have ever answered these questions in any authoritative way. It may seem like a bold statement, but it is true, nevertheless, that there is no answer contained in the Old Testament to these questions. In all the revelations that are given in the Old Testament there is no declaration made of the purposes of God in the creation. I am going to ask you to go one step further, and to bear with me while I say to you that neither in the New Testament is there any adequate declaration that satisfies the inquiring mind upon that subject. The only scripture that comes anywhere nearly touching it is found in the following:

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and

power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." (Rev. 4:11.)

That is the nearest, either in the Old or in the New Testament, in all that is written—the nearest approach to an explanation of the purpose of God in the creation. I think you will agree with me that that is not very satisfactory to you or to me or to mankind in general. God has created all things and for his pleasure they are and were created. All right, but where do we come in? And what explanation is that to us of the purposes of God in our creation?

The Importance of the Question

I call your attention to the fact that this father to whom the lad propounded his question, confessed that he had been "handed an armful." He did not, however, regard the question of his boy as "silly." "On the contrary," said he, "it is so fundamental that it quite bowls one over." And then he adds this thoughtful remark:

"Think what it would mean to the human race to have an answer that every one of us would accept. That I should say would be quite a neat little achievement;" that is to give an intelligent, acceptable, and, I will add, an authoritative answer to the question, "Why are people?" Or in other words, what is the purpose of God in the creation of man? I have rather boldly said that you can find no answer in the Old Testament nor in the New Testament. But now I will ask you to follow me for a few moments in some suppositions I am going to make.

Some Suppositions Suggested

Suppose that in some catacomb in Egypt, or some musty tomb of ancient prophets, a fragment of parchment could be found that could be well established as containing the very words of the great prophet Moses; and suppose that fragment should contain this statement:

"This is my work and my glory, saith the Lord, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

What would be the result upon the thought of the world if by human means such a fragment of parchment could be brought forth and established as undoubtedly the utterance of the great prophet of Israel, Moses? It would be regarded, I warrant you, as the most valuable utterance that had occurred among men. Aye, its value would be greater in giving enlightenment to men as to the purposes of God in the creation of man, than all else that is written in the Bible; and as a discovery it would be as important as the discovery of the original tablets on which were written the Ten Commandments would be.

Again I will ask you to suppose that under similar circumstances and by human means, another literary discovery was made

that should read as follows—this is a second fragment that we will suppose has been discovered:

"Man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy. And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy." * * *

"The elements are the tabernacle of God; yea, man is the tabernacle of God, even temples: and whatsoever temple is defiled, God shall destroy that temple.

"The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth."

That is to say, the light by which truth is discerned. I would like to make this addition to the foregoing quotation. It does not occur in this same passage, but I would like to make this addition to this scrap of supposed parchment, and have it included in our whole supposition:

"The body and the spirit is the soul of man, and the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul."

Now let us add these statements together in these supposed parchment fragments, then put the two together—the one from Moses and this passage just quoted. We would then have:

"This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. * * *

"The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy. * * *

"The spirit and the body is the soul of man; the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul."

Now I begin to see forming a marvelous, a splendid, a worthy conclusion, out of these discovered fragments—the purpose of God in the creation of man. It is the purpose of God to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man, because a union of spirit and element is essential to the fulness of man's joy. That immortality and eternal life is brought to pass by the indissoluble union of the body and the spirit of man, by which he becomes soul—one, united, inseparable, an entity indestructible, and put in the way of attainment of a fulness of joy. But the end is not yet.

I will ask you to suppose the discovery of another fragment of manuscript from ruined temple, from catacomb or from musty tomb, and yet its antiquity and its authenticity as going back to an inspired man of God—a prophet—may not be questioned. We will suppose this third discovered, sacred parchment should say this—I will ask you to mark the beauty of it:

"All things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things."

Now that has in it the music of inspired poetry, to me. It also has a depth of philosophy that is quite wonderful.

"All things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things."

Perfect wisdom can come only from perfect knowledge, and

here you have the two combined—perfect wisdom rising from perfect knowledge; all things ordained for the earth and the inhabitants thereof have been wrought in the highest wisdom, according to the declaration of this third discovered fragment we are supposing. And then the rest of the fragment must be read to get the full import of its meaning. I will read the two beautiful lines I have in mind together:

"All things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things:

"Adam fell that man might be. *Men are that they might have joy.*"

And thus these fragments of truth—we will say for the moment from ancient parchment just discovered—have enlightened the world on this great theme as no other utterances have ever enlightened the children of men. If they could only be discovered in the way we have supposed, it seems to me that there would rise up from all the hosts of men peans of praise to Almighty God, for this great light shed abroad upon the minds of men with reference to the purposes of God in the creation; and especially as to the creation of man.

The Message of "Mormonism" to the World

Now we will drop the suppositions assumed. These three great utterances constitute the message of "Mormonism" to the world upon this great theme. The first comes from a fragment of the teachings of the Prophet Moses, found not in musty tomb or ruined temple, but revealed to the Prophet Joseph before this Church of ours was six months old. The second comes from a revelation from God to him, in the year 1833. The third contribution comes from our Book of Mormon, and is the contribution of sleeping nations once inhabiting the American continents, a message through their prophet leader to the modern world, and a contribution to the modern world for its enlightenment. How splendid all that is!

But to the Lad's and David's Questions Again

We are not quite through, however, with this magazine lad's questions yet; nor with David's sublime questions. We have learned a little about the purpose of God in the creation, but the other part of the question still remains: What is man that God is mindful of him? Or the son of man, that he visits him, and gives him dominion over his works?

Only just a moment can be devoted to the great theme. I quote the words of the Christ in that last prayer of his in Gethsemane:

"Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee."

I quote that scripture because without any equivocation it de-

clares by the lips of the Christ himself the fact that he is the Son of God; and now he says:

"Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Here the Christ proclaims both the pre-existence of his own spirit and the glory he had with his Father before he came to the earth. These doctrines used to puzzle those among whom he moved when in his earth life. In controversy with the Pharisees on one occasion, when they were boasting about Abraham being their father, he said:

"Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad." "O," said they, "you are not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" And he answered, "Before Abraham was, I am."

Reference was made by President Ivins on Sunday to that most marvelous of all revelations on the pre-existence of the spirit of the Christ given to Moriancumer, the brother of Jared. So complete was that vision, so certain it was, that the Prophet, as he beheld the finger of the Lord stretched forth, exclaimed: "I knew not that the Lord had flesh and blood." This view was corrected by the Lord, who said:

"This is the body of my spirit, and as I appear unto you in the spirit so will I appear unto my people in the flesh." In other words, it was the spirit form of the Christ which Moriancumer beheld. It is the spirit that gives form to the whole man. The spirit out of the elements in this earth-life clothes itself with this beautiful garment, the human body, which in the provinces of God shall be made immortal. This through the process, first of birth into mortality—earth life; and after that, birth into immortality through the resurrection. Through these processes shall come forth those personages that shall be eternal—a union of spirit and element that shall be indissoluble. The mortal state is but a prelude to that immortal life, and to that "eternal life" which shall include with it an eternal union with God, a union that shall lead to the eternal progress and development of the divine intelligences that inhabit these bodies.

Now, Jesus Christ is the Son of God. All right, what is our relationship to him? He met Mary early in the morning of the resurrection, and when she would approach him and place her hands upon him in loving affection, he said:

"Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." It seems he was reserving contact with his resurrected, immortal body, for the first embrace of the Father. "Touch me not, but go and tell my brethren," referring to the apostles—"tell my brethren, that I ascend unto my Father, and to your Father, to my God, and to your God."

I know of no other scripture that so beautifully sets forth the

relationship of brotherhood of man to the Christ than this passage; unless perhaps it might be this one:

"For both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Showing that our origin is the same as the origin of the Christ. Now I understand Paul clearly when he says:

"We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?"

The Sublime Answer

Now ask the question, David; "What is man that thou art mindful of him? Or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" The answer is: Sons of God, brothers to the Christ, sparks struck from God's own eternal blaze—parts of him—parts of God! Hence, God is mindful of man; hence he visits them, hence he places all things under their feet, and gives them the high mission to multiply the inhabitants of, and to replenish, the earth, and to have dominion over it.

How blessed this doctrine! How high and lifted up it is above the notion that man has his origin in the slime of the ocean, and the protoplasm which rises from it, until it differentiates into the various forms of life, and man comes from some one or other of the many lines that lead out from this common source of life!

Man is the Son of God

I have been thrilled in this conference by reference to that vision that the Lord gave to Abraham of the intelligences that were organized before the world itself was formed. In the great host before the throne of God there were many noble and great ones—noble and great ones! And God looked upon these spirits, "and they were good;" and he said to Abraham: "These I will make my rulers. Thou, Abraham, art one of them." I pray you note the characterization of these prominent spirits—"noble," "great," "good!" These are characteristics that embrace all other virtues. They include everything that could be desired in the way of character elements. How splendid that is! Of course we, commen men, doubtless stand far below that high level on which God placed these "noble" ones, and "great" ones, and "good," in the vision he gave to one of the noblest —Abraham. But how comforting it is, and how blest it must be to have the assurance that though far below, in excellence, these whom God has selected to be his rulers, we nevertheless are brothers to them; and in lesser degree possessing that which they possess, with the opportunity and privilege granted to us to approach if we may not attain to their excellence. Then to be brothers to him—brothers to the Christ; and brothers to that worthy host that has been chosen to

be associated with the Christ in leadership of those things which make for the accomplishment of God's purposes with reference to the existence of man in the earth. That affords me much more comfort than to think of man as being related—even though distantly related—to the brute creation.

I close with this scripture:

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; * * * and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." That is, we cannot estimate the possibilities growing out of that truth, and that relationship—"it doth not appear what we shall be." Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the depth and height of the glory which God designs for his children. We may not fathom it upward or downward, "It does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." (I John 3:1-3.) God grant that it may be so, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Book of Life

I sat alone as a recluse,
And surging through my senses came
A sudden rush of the muse,
Which set my being in a flame.
It seemed to be myself, the me,
Who spake and pleaded urgently—
My other Self, the Muse—my Twin—
Inviting me to look within.

I turned within my searching eyes,
Which lighted up the inward view,
And magic starlight filled my skies
With 'lumination strange and new;
And what perplexed me more and more,
The muse continued as before.
I heard the story, felt the strife,
And lived again the scenes of life.

I saw myself upon the brain—
A photograph in miniature—
I heard the muse the scene explain,
In stirring rhythmic overture.
I listened, and I gazed, I knew;
For all my soul cried out: "That's you!"
I am the record of the Me,
To-day and in eternity!

Mesa, Arizona M. A. STEWART

TESTIMONY

Words and Music by EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato. Met. ♩—63.

p

1. Faith is dy-ing! Doubt's dark blighting shadows, O'er the world is casting
2. Faith is dy-ing! Yet in halls of wisdom, Falt'ring sounds the teacher's
3. Go, proclaim ye now a - new the tidings, Je - sus Christ, the Son of

p

gloom and fear; Men im-plor-ing heav'n and yet de - ny - ing,
voice with fear, Pray'r a mocking, while a God de - ny - ing,
God, still lives! With the Father, in the courts of glo - ry,

ff

That a liv - ing God is there to hear. O Saints of God, ye
None to answer—or a pray'r to hear, O Saints of God, each
Speak-eth yet, and free sal - va - tion gives. He and the Fa - ther

ff

chil-dren of the prom - ise, Are your lamps burn - ing with
with a tes - ti - mo - ny, Giv'n through the Spir - it to
have been seen of mor - tals, Heard were their voic - es as

radiance ev - er new? Burn-ing un-wav'ring Thro' the darkness
lighten up the soul, Hold high your bea-con, Let it bright be
in the old-en days; Set up His king-dom, Great and all im-

show-ing Je - sus the Sa-vior, and God the Fa - ther true.
burn-ing, Guiding the straying to the ce - les - tial goal.
mor - tal, Nev - er to per - ish or dim its glor - ious rays.

Bits of Philosophy

Incitement is better than excitement.

You will never be good as long as you think you are good.

Anyhow, it is better to cry about spilt milk than to growl about it.

The substitution of "we" for "I" is the beginning of culture.

Three things are above the price of rubies: a clean body, a pure heart, and a clear brain.

If you fear what people will say about what you say, you are apt not to say anything worth saying.

NEPHI JENSEN

MANEATER

A Tale of the Range

By Albert R. Lyman

"One white foot, try 'im:
Two white feet, buy 'im:
Three white feet, deny 'im;
Four white feet and a white nose,
Take off his hide and feed 'im to the crows."

In the roar of the stampede old Galagher howled something about "horses," and plunged out of camp. Like a flock of black-birds taking flight, the outfit quit its beef and hot biscuits and plunged headlong after him. All hands, the cook, the foreman, the horse-wrangler, the stranger within their gates: ropes, bridles, boots, spurs—they descended the hill like a tangle of wild men, Bob Reddington pawing the sand just three feet in the lead.

Thus it happened that Bob had his pick of the horses, and he made straight for the great sorrel, just as a boy grabs the rosiest apple in the pan.

Because Baldy wore hobbles, and because he was approached in a sharp bend in the river, he submitted in surprise to this precipitate capture. He surrendered to the strange master with his strange bridle, and stood till "Reddie" sprang upon his muscular back, indicating with long spurs the urgent need of haste. And then the sorrel horse simply "swallowed 'is head" and bawled, and began traveling staccato with violent emphasis on the down stroke. Reddington landed in a dry grease-wood, while the rest of the Texas outfit dashed away after the stampede.

"Well by ————!" Bob gasped, looking up with admiration at the fine form, for Baldy showed more careful attention and good looks than any horse in the outfit. The fact was, he had no connection with the outfit, but belonged to the stranger, old Pete Tomson, who at that moment was "burning the earth" alongside of the steers on one of the outfit's raw-boned cayuses.

Reddington caught the bald-faced horse again, and running his hand with admiring caress along the supple back, ventured to mount carefully, and suggested a mild start towards the vanishing cloud of dust. At the very moment he thought the misunderstanding all over, the sorrel beauty took another convulsion and "stacked" him unceremoniously on the grass. He tried it a third time with more care and identical results.

As the herd came back, old Tomson met Bob leading the sorrel horse. "Why don't you ride?" asked the old man, stroking his white beard, and showing by a strange cockeyed look on his kind face that he knew perfectly why Bob walked.

Reddy simply grinned.

"Let's change," suggested old Peter, and dismounting, he struggled stiffly to the back of his own animal.

"Bob looked to see something happen, and then to discover why it did not happen, but the handsome sorrel pranced along with arched neck, and Tomson rode at perfect ease.

"What'll ye take for 'im?" Reddington demanded, almost refusing to believe his eyes, "I've got to have 'im—I'll let 'im stack every tenderfoot that comes to camp, an' have more fun than a circus."

Old Peter stroked his beard in thoughtful hesitation, taking small

account of how Bob raised his bids with extravagant bounds. "Oh, I couldn't part with old Baldy, no way," the old man insisted, "an' then look at 'is four white feet—'is white nose, and that short jaw—'ed kill ye."

"But you get along with 'im," urged Reddy, eager as a boy begging for candy.

"Aye, but I know 'im."

"That's it; in a little while I'd know 'im, and be able to fool everybody. Come on, I'll give you two rattlin' good horses and forty dollars."

Something in the offer seemed to sting old Peter, and he drew his brows together in a distressed frown. He stroked his whiskers in perplexity, but apparently he had urgent need of cash, and seemed to argue himself into favorable consideration. From contemplating Baldy's arched neck and graceful white feet, he turned that cockeyed twinkle squarely on Bob and demanded, "How do you treat horses?"

"The looks of them bays 'll tell ye all about my treatment," affirmed Reddington, triumphantly, but failed to explain that as one of the regular "hands," he rode the horses of the outfit, leaving his own to grow fat for such time as he might be fired, or for other causes should have to hunt new quarters.

The smooth coats of the sturdy bays seemed to appeal favorably to the old man; giving the sorrel horse a long farewell hug, and purring low tones of endearment, he took his money and his new horses and disappeared in Comb Wash.

Right here it is worthy of mention that, excepting Reddington's saddle, his wide hat, his six-shooter and the clothes he wore, he had given all he owned, including his wages to date, for the bald-faced horse. But oh, what a beauty of a horse! His new master sized him up with big satisfaction. What chest capacity! What powerful frame! He was taller and heavier and better in every way than Foreman, Galagher's topnotcher, and that was the best animal the outfit owned.

But in his eager efforts to scrape acquaintance with and be "in on" the sorrel beauty's secret, Reddington made no progress at all. Baldy required no bidding from him to "stack" strangers, and threw everyone who reached his back, including Reddy himself. He couldn't ride his own horse, his only horse, for which he had given all his possessions in order to have a big laugh on the unsuspecting. And now he had brought down on himself the echoing smile of the camp. That laugh grew louder and more annoying every time he was "stacked," which was every time he rode Baldy. Sometimes the sorrel horse went half a day without making a crooked move, but he never carried himself proudly nor cheerfully, as with old Peter, and when it was least expected, often after a hard ride, he "swallered his head and left the earth" with an abruptness that assisted a man out of the saddle as a bullet is assisted through the barrel of a gun.

As the weeks passed and Baldy found in the outfit no man at all resembling old Peter, he developed new vindictiveness every day. At first he was satisfied to pitch his master through the air, as a kitten is thrown heels-over-head from where it is found with its nose in a milk-pan, but now he contrived to kick or strike his offenders, either in transit or when he had arrived in a heap on the ground.

The boys learned to line up in good view for the performance, feeling sure it was a better show every time. Even old Galagher couldn't refrain as he waited with expectant grin to see Reddy make good his boast to "ride the brute or kill 'im."

One morning at Rincone cabins, Bob went writhing over Baldy's head, and reaching the earth on hands and knees found no time to rise, but traveled desperately on all fours through the open doorway to escape the teeth and hoofs of his short-jawed pursuer. When he slammed the old

lumber door for safety, Baldy whirled and kicked it to splinters across the room. Two rods away lay Reddy's wide hat, and charging upon it with teeth and hoofs the sorrel horse left it in four pieces. The boys climbing on the corners of the cabin, or sitting at a safe distance in their saddles, howled themselves hoarse.

"Maneater!" roared old Galagher, and the name stuck like glue.

To the Texas outfit there was but one other thing in their little world quite as funny as Maneater, and that was Bob Reddington. Bob would have fled from this galling situation, but he had no horse on which to reach another camp. More important still, he wanted to redeem his standing with the outfit, and desperate resolution struggled in his troubled mind. If he could but find a ring-bit, he could prevent that "head swallering" movement and keep his place in the saddle.

The line-up for the show came off no more till the arrival of the ring-bit, with which it was understood the fight was to be carried to death or victory. All hands waited. Maneater's beady eyes betrayed awful wrath as he stood shaking his head in torture, when Reddy seized the saddle-horn with his right hand, gripped the headstall with his left and swung to the saddle with all possible violence. "Now go it, ye stockin'-footed hyena," he exulted, ramming his long spurs in the back cinch, and holding Baldy's head erect with savage hand. The disappointment of the outfit was exactly to Bob's relish.

Holding himself in readiness all forenoon, he caught Maneater three times trying to "start something," and each time he did terrible execution to that short jaw, and stained his spurs with fresh blood. Baldy's high-strung spirit had never been conquered by force, yet for six hours he had carried this savage creature on his back against his will; his anguish showed in the unnatural white of his eyes, and he called to the inventive powers of his horse-soul for means of escape.

Without a moment's warning he rose on his hind feet, and threw himself backward full length on the ground. By desperate effort Bob missed the descending horn of the saddle, but the cantle caught his leg under the sorrel horse's weight, leaving him powerless to rise. Springing up in triumph Maneater would have settled his steel-shod hoofs in his writhing master, but one of the boys dashed to the rescue with a heavy lariat.

No one rode Baldy to camp; they led him. The foreman sent out a horse for Reddy in the evening, and he lay helpless on his blankets in the cabin the next three weeks. Part of this time Baldy rested, hiding with lowered head among the other horses when they were being roped in the corral, and feeling no doubt that he had found a new means of escape.

Before the end of the three weeks, a Buck Summers drifted into camp, and hearing Bob's story agreed not only to ride the sorrel horse, but to cure him of his latest trick. Arming himself with heavy quirt and strong spurs, Buck reached the saddle without trouble. He held Baldy's white nose at a safe elevation with the Ring-bit, grinning his big teeth into view under a mop-rag mustache with perfect assurance of victory. When Baldy threw himself backward with all possible force, Buck feared neither the horn nor the cantle, but alighting with skilful purpose on Maneater's head, gripped his nose to prevent him from rising, and then beat him with that heavy quirt till the sorrel head was a shapeless mass of cuts and bruises. When Buck mounted again the trick was repeated and the beating followed. After trying his trick the third time with the same result, Maneater stumbled meekly along under his new conqueror, too blind to know or care where he went.

"He'll never try that stunt again," Buck declared, as he brought Baldy back, slow and dejected to the convalescent Bob, and he never did. When Buck mounted him next morning with that mop-rag grin, they went but

half a mile before Baldy kicked Buck's foot as it rested in the right stirrup. "Hugh, ye think that's new to me?" grinned Summers, proudly assuming to know horses from A to Z, for the blow had landed with poor effect on the heavy heel of his boot, and caused no pain. Dismounting he cut a thick club from a Cottonwood, and carried it in his hand. When Maneater tried to kick again in less than ten minutes, the green club came down with heavy thud on his white ankle, leaving him to travel for some distance on three feet, and to limp sadly the rest of the day. His ankle swelled to an awkward lump, and he never kicked at the stirrup again.

Three days later, with the sorrel horse too lame to ride, and Reddy barely able to hobble to the corral and watch the fellows catch their horses, Summers stepped over the bars with a lariat, grinning his big teeth to sight under that clot of a mustache, yet with no thought of catching the sorrel horse. But Maneater had recovered his sight in one eye fairly well after the beating, and recognizing his deadly antagonist he dropped his ears back on his neck, rushed from the jam of cayuses around him, and caught Buck's shoulder in the firm grip of his short jaw. All his fury for revenge would have been satisfied to the limit in a few seconds, but the boys drove him off with clubs. As it was Summers had to go post haste to a hospital in Durango, and he never returned.

Baldy still carried a swollen head, a milky film over one eye, and a lame hind foot, when Reddington recovered sufficiently to catch him without getting bitten or kicked. With Buck's terrible teachings, the sorrel horse carried Bob, seemingly resigned to the inevitable. But he never pranced nor took a proud step as with old Tompson, and somewhere beneath his desperate eye, or in the brain centers represented by his short jaw, he mustered the bitter elements of his unbroken resolution.

Six days he limped meekly forward under his despotic lord, unable to buck because of the ring-bit, fearing to fall backward for memory of the quirt, and refraining from assault for want of opportunity. Bob swore he would ride him every day to keep him in subjection. His painful progress over the rough hillsides showed how nearly his hoofs were worn to the quick, but no one had courage or inclination to fit him with shoes, and no one wanted them on his dangerous feet. Once his powerful hind hoof had missed old Galagher's knee by a short inch, and all hands feared and hated him like a can of dynamite.

On the seventh day of his continuous service, with every other man riding a fresh horse, Bob started with them on Maneater across Kigaly Point. The trail led zigzag at sharp angles down the steep mountain-side into Peavine Canyon, for the earth is too nearly on edge for its thick brush to grow upright, and a trail going straight down would of necessity be "slantindicular."

The sorrel horse made the first mild elbows of the trail, apparently dejected enough, but like the professional gambler who holds his trump card calmly with lying face for the opportune moment, he was all alive and expectant within. At the most diabolical point on the whole dizzy altitude he whirled straight down from the narrow way, and took a breakneck header towards the distant bottom. It was hair-raising! How far he went would be hard to tell, and more hard to believe, but he alighted on his feet with Reddington still in the saddle, though frozen with terror. Gathering himself quickly among the sliding rock and tangle of brush, he left the earth again, neck or nothing, landing far down the mountain on a broken ledge, over which he rolled, crashing into a jungle of oak. Finding himself free below the oak, he picked his way to the foot of the hill and headed madly down the canyon.

When the furious Reddy assembled himself from this chaos, he mounted a rock with poison resolution and emptied his revolver in Maneater's direc-

tion with all possible accuracy, but the report of the gun died away in the solitude, and the flying figure disappeared in a grove of maple.

After a long chase the boys brought Baldy back, and late in the afternoon Bob led him down over the hill to camp at the old Kigaly cabin, trying to focus all his insane wrath on some improved method of punishment.

Three great spruce trees used to stand in front of the old cabin, in fact they may still be seen in decay along the hillside, and spanning the little stream where they have fallen. Between these giant pines the white-footed outlaw was made fast with three lariats, and then Reddington climbed up with an axe, and chopping off the huge limbs, let them fall with cruel force on the frantic horse. The desperate captive writhed and struggled, bawling out such imprecations of rage as his horse-instincts had given him, and pleasing Reddy immensely with every expression of pain.

Though Maneater received some terrible bumps, especially on his withers which was never fully right again, he sustained no broken bones, and might have made fair recovery with civilized treatment. But his treatment grew worse. Tied by a strong rope to a tree he stood long hours with nothing to eat or drink. When he was moved it was but to starve and choke somewhere else, till he became a walking skeleton. Too impoverished to register effective resistance, Bob could hold him with one hand and wrench the savage ring-bit in his jaws with supreme torture. Reddington rode him as far as he could go in a day, and tied him fast at night. He whipped him, he rammed the sharp rowels of his long spurs into Baldy's bony shoulders, and viewed the twin kidney-sores with exultant smile. He cursed Maneater to himself, and to everyone with patience to listen.

Early in October Bob was fired; the show had lost its novelty. Tired of his riding a giveout horse, ashamed of his appearance, and sick of Maneater's manners, old Galagher had reached the limit of his patience.

With no further right to the horses of the outfit, and no money to buy a pony of his own, Reddy could go on Maneater or a-foot, and he waited there a week for Baldy to gather a little strength before starting. A week made small difference to the sorrel horse, pining his life away, but the outfit would tolerate him no longer in camp, and saddling up he started alone for North Elk.

On the steep trail leading out of the Notch, the old horse staggered beneath him, and dismounting, Reddington tried to lead him by the reins, but Baldy dragged along so feebly, and seemed so near ready to drop, Bob hung the reins over the saddle-horn, leaving the horse to pick his own way up the hill while he followed. Once free, Maneater climbed too fast for his panting master, and when ordered in hard tones to stop, he broke into a weak trot, disappearing over the hill-top above.

The furious Reddy climbed desperately, his mouth a fountain of wrathful threats, but with small hope of overtaking the run-away. At the top of the hill he took up the track with feverish strides, and if that track had stayed in the trail he might have been hunting it still. But the despondent fugitive turned off towards the rim of Dark Canyon and in a grove of oak he caught his reins on a crooked knot, compelling him to await his frenzied pursuer.

"Oh, ye will, will ye?" hissed the perspiring Reddington as he came up, at the same moment stooping for a heavy stick at his feet. Baldy knew exactly what it meant, and before that stick could come down across his weary head, he lunged to the limit of his rein and reached Bob's hip with his front foot. Then focussing all his depleted strength in a quick turn, he would have finished the job with his heels, but Bob rolled and struggled beyond his reach, and lay raving and helpless against a tree.

Snatching his six-shooter from his hip he aimed straight at Maneater's head, but he hesitated—he was far from help and off the trail—when he had killed the horse the next and only thing would be to kill himself. "No, by

———!" he groaned, lowering his gun, I'll put myself out of it, but you can hang right there and starve!"

With trembling fingers he examined the old gun carefully to be sure that its word should be final, and cocking it he placed the cool muzzle against his hot temple. Quick footsteps caught his ear—the hoof-beats of a horse—a rider hurried towards him following the track he had made to the place. It was old Peter Tomson.

Straight to Maneater he rode, looking neither right nor left, and the old sorrel uttered a low and long-drawn-out whinney of glad recognition, turning his poor scarified head as far around as the reins would permit. Peter dropped from his saddle and threw his stiff old arms around the lean neck, while Baldy still "nickered" in low, friendly tones, nestling his long bony head against Tomson's dusty denims shirt.

"My poor Baldy!" moaned the old man, leaning his grizzled face against the tangled mane, "I'm ashamed of it—ashamed to the bone," and his voice sounded decidedly husky. He ran his stiff fingers over the scabs of vicious spur-thrusts in the shrunken shoulder, he noted the old wound on the withers, he discovered the lame foot, and every trace of abuse from ears to hoofs. Hardly deigning to see the prostrate Bob groaning loud for recognition he released the laragos and lifted the saddle and blankets with care; the great kidney-sores met his quick glance. He shook his head slowly and painfully and almost groaned. And all the time, the old man talked on in low and penitent tones as if his old friend could understand, and that friend rubbed his withered white nose against the old man's sleeve, breathing forth that pleading sound which horses often employ to beg for grain after it is brought in sight.

"Well, sir—" blurted the old man, turning squarely on Reddie with that cockeyed twinkle in a firmness never to be misunderstood, "I've heard Baldy's solemn testimony, I'm ready for yours."

"He struck me," Bob groaned, hoping his point would carry.

"How many times have you struck him since last May?" old Peter demanded, but Reddington dropped his jaw and looked his wrath in silence. "I've heard all about it," Peter proceeded, "and Baldy's testimony confirms the worst I've heard, and more. I've come for this horse!"

"Give me anything I can ride, and he's yours."

"I'll give you the price, but never a horse of mine again."

"What good'll the price do me? I want something to carry me away from here," and Reddington felt desperate enough to go on with his killing.

"Look'e here, I struck the Texas outfit half an hour after you left, and found 'em in a bad way. They'd had a row and two men had quit. They want you back mighty bad—they sent a horse with me for you to ride, and they'll raise ye ten dollars a month. The horse is tied up with my outfit where you left the trail."

Exultant that old Galagher needed him so soon, Bob determined to leave them in the lurch, but old Peter couldn't be moved.

"You've got to go back," he insisted with emphasis, "ye couldn't ride Baldy any more even if I'd let ye, and I wouldn't let ye ride 'im again if ye could. I'll pay the cash, but I'm goin' to have 'im. Name yer price."

"Would ten dollars be too much?" Reddington faltered, looking at the most wretched horse he could remember.

"Ten dollars!" the old man snorted, "Huh!" he sniffed in disdain, and Bob was about to ask if five would be too much. "I'd never insult Baldy by any such beggar's valuation. I'll give ye forty dollars in gold. That's a small fraction of what he's worth, but I'll pay the rest to him in personal service."

He took the saddle from his own sleek pony and adjusted it carefully on Maneater's back, putting Bob's saddle on his own pony. Then he took the bridle from Baldy's head and thrust the ring-bit in hot disgust towards

Bob, while his cockeyed twinkle fairly sparkled with wrath. "I'd blush to be found dead with such an infernal thing as that!" he hissed, and unbuckling it from the headstall and the reins, he threw the bit far out over the rim of the canyon to be lost in the jungle of brush and trees below. "Now take off yer spurs," he commanded, no compromise in his tone, and when he had assisted the groaning Reddy to the pony's back, he led the way on his rescued Baldy back to the trail.

And wouldn't it just beat the dickens? Maneater arched his lean old neck, and lifted his stocking feet with a pride never known since the Rincone stampede, while old Tompson sat up in the saddle contemplating him with joy and regret. He said little to Bob, though he enquired the origin of each scar, shaking his head in shame and disgust at every new detail. Bob blamed Buck Summers all he could, but he found it impossible to talk in any but hangdog tones, and didn't dare once to say how much it pained him to ride.

With forty dollars in his pocket, Bob watched old Peter disappear over the hill, not riding Maneater, but allowing him to travel by his side in all the joy of a colt restored to its mother. As for the old man, he contemplated that scarified old sorrel horse seemingly too much absorbed to take account of anything else.

When Reddy joined the Texas outfit again that evening, for he found himself too hungry and helpless to head for any place more distant, he had money in his pocket, he had no offending Maneater, he drew greater wages, held higher rank, and began to take a new view of life. Better still, he discovered, as the soreness went out of his hip, that the sorrel horse had been bombarding him with truths which old Peter had but rubbed in with telling effect in few words.

Autumn and winter came and went, and spring found Bob still in the employ of the outfit and at perfect peace with every horse he rode. Early in July the foreman took all hands to Deer Flat to run down two of their best saddle horses which had been running there with a band of wild "boom-tails" since March. Early in the day they stationed themselves along the trail, and the chase began with excitement and hope. Each relay in its turn "burned the earth" in the dust of the flying mustangs, getting near enough to see the two renegades with heads and tails erect in the lead. The possibility of cutting them off, and roping them seemed ever too near to admit of any stop for dinner, and every man urged his horse to the utmost when the wild things came round.

But the thundering hand succeeded twice before noon in getting away among the trees and rocks and taking a breathing spell before the outfit could adjust to the change and keep them in motion. Once the "boom-tails" evaded one relay of riders completely, leading another a horse-killing distance before it was relieved.

At four in the afternoon, the chase resolved itself into a last chance; the capture had to be made in the upper end of the flat where the band was due to appear, and where it would try to make a mad rush for the cedars. If they reached the cedars again, the day was lost. It was the supreme moment —of that every man was sure, and equally sure that the brute beneath him was about on its last legs till after a night's rest. The men, scattered along two miles of sage-brush flat, toiled eagerly for the point where the thing was to happen, Bob and two others a good quarter in the lead.

When the mustangs appeared from a ravine with reaching noses and flying tails, Reddy and his two associates spurred up to head them from the trees to a wide circle in the open. It was no use. The wild things drove straight ahead while the three men came to a panting stop on a little knoll. Behind them they saw the dust of Galagher and the boys laboring

forward in vain, for the band was headed full tilt for the cedars a mile to the west.

Then half a mile away a lone horseman appeared riding at furious clip towards the band as if he meant to head them—it must have been the foreman, but how he got there, and what he thought he could do alone, was a mystery. The three watched from the knoll, and the others came wearily up from behind to stop in exhaustion. The tenth one to arrive was Galagher himself, and the mist of the mystery grew thick before them. All ten watched with bated breath, their horses too near dead to go further.

The little speck caught up with the big dust and turned—then it turned again and seemed to divide.

" You right sure it was a horseman?" demanded old Galagher.

"Absolutely sure!" affirmed the three.

"It must a been a mirage," scowled the foreman, trying to make out that disturbance in the distance. "It does beat————!"

Then they could make out that big dust, like a comet with a dark head, was moving into the cedars, and a doubtful cloud now and then indicated the direction it had taken.

But an animated knot of something remained still out in the sagebrush after the dust had cleared away. That knot had in it a white spot—most of the boys could make out the spot clearly. Then they reached unanimous decision that the knot was approaching.

"Well I'll be ————!" swore the foreman, as voice for the other nine.

The dark speck grew to be a horseman—or two horsemen—no, it was one hosreman leading two horses, a dark horse and a light horse. As he emerged from the mist of distance, the rider could be seen to have a white beard, and his horse a white face. It was Peter Tomson—behind him he towed the two renegades on the ends of his lariat. And he rode—was it really? No mistake, it was Maneater, sleek and fine, neatly shod and muscled like Samson.

"Well by gum!" snorted old Galagher, again as voice for the outfit, running his fingers in his towseled hair as if afraid his eyes had deceived him, "How in ———— did ye do it?"

"How did I do it?" old Peter repeated in great calmness, and a cockeyed twinkle of tremendous satisfaction, "First of all, I have here exactly the kind of a horse for which King Richard offered his whole blamed kingdom and any other little item which might be mentioned." Stroking his white beard with his stiff old hand, he contemplated the chestnut arch of Baldy's massive neck in great satisfaction. "I knew you wanted these ponies mighty bad, and when I saw by the tracks this morning that ye was hazin' 'em around, I went back to the ranch and changed horses. Guessed you fellers watched me rope 'em—you saw how I ran all over 'em and got 'em so badly hoodooed they just gave up till I took all I wanted out of the band and let 'em go."

They gathered around the splendid sorrel horse with open mouths. Dim scars could be traced on his head, his withers, and his right hind foot, but his short jaw gripped a mild bit, and no spurs hung on the old man's heels. Expressions of surprise and admiration could be heard from every one. "It's Maneater, sure enough!"

In that Texas outfit the big horse saw or heard something to arouse memories and feelings fixed deep in his powerful being: his upright ears dropped back on his glossy mane, the white of his fiery eyes became strangely visible, and ten men drew back with instincts of fear. But old Tomson purred something in an undertone, patting the plump shoulder, and Baldy resumed his wonted poise with soldier-like discipline.

"Name yer price," sang out old Galagher in high spirits.

"No use talking to me, affirmed the old man with lines of cockeyed firmness all over his wrinkled face, and facing them in indignant defiance;

"when I struck you fellers at Rincone, I was in trouble and needed money, but no man's gold and no man's promise will part this horse from me again!"

"Oh, I meant to ask," the foreman hastened to explain, "what do we owe you for bringing in these run-aways?"

"Well, that's different," and old Peter had cooled perceptibly, "As to these ponies, I'm glad ye got 'em. All I want is for this outfit, and one man in particular, to take off his hat to a real horse."

"Hurrah for sorrel Baldy!" yelled old Galagher, swinging his wide Stetson.

"Whoo-hoopee!" howled ten voices with deafening emphasis, and while the sound floated far out over the dry sage-brush of Deer Flat, ten wide hats waved genuine admiration for the invincible Maneater.

Miklovie Ranch, Blanding, Utah.

The Crag

I have watched the eagles soar aloft,
  I've watched the racing stream—
I see the clouds sail overhead,
  The shadow's dark, the sunlight's gleam.

For many years, tall, gaunt, I've stood,
  Sustaining the stately pines—
And in my sides geologists
  Have delved in search of mines.

The mountain storms have swept me o'er,
  Deep snows have on me lain;
The clouds hang 'round my rugged brow,
  I'm drenched with washing rain.

O man, thou tiny creature frail,
  With thy short span of life;
How futile thou compared with me,
  How vain thy world of strife!

For centuries past I've watched the world,
  And will for more to come,
I have lived and seen and scanned man's ways,
  How can he be so dumb?

If these small minds could live and learn
  As much as I have known,
They then would model new their lives
  And taste of peace unknown.

They view the streams run from my sides,
  My snow-capped towers see—
I vision all, their faults I know;
  Less blameless they than leaf or tree.

Aye, man is but a puny thing,
  With all his earthly frills;
O, that he were tender, wise and strong,
  As are the rugged hills!

Boneta, Utah WARD EVANS

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF HAWAII'S LEPER PATIENTS

Beautiful Kalaupapa

By William M. Waddoups, President of the Hawaiian Temple

On the evening of October 2, 1925, President Eugene J. Neff of the Hawaiian mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, James Kaulia, a local elder of the Church, residing in Honolulu, and I, embarked on the little inter-island steamer *Likelike* for a week's visit among the branches of the Church on the island of Molokai.

Early on the morning of the 3rd, we were awakened from our struggling nightmare on board the little old pitching, bucking *Likelike,* by the full-voiced clarion call of a dozen chanticleers in the distance. After hurriedly dressing we discovered that our boat had suddenly ceased its broncho-like antics, and that we were peacefully resting in the little rockbound harbor of Kalaupapa.

We did not wait for breakfast (meals, by the way, on the inter-island steamers are plentiful, and the food high class) but took the first row boat to shore. (The water near the landing is not sufficiently deep to permit the steamer to land alongside the wharf.) We were met at the landing by the genial young superintendent of Kalaupapa, R. L. Cooke, who, after examining our board of health permits, personally conducted us to the pleasant, comfortable quarters maintained for the convenience of those whose business admits them to visit the colony. After a bounteous breakfast, Superintendent Cooke turned the community keys over to us and graciously permitted us to visit where and when we pleased. I shall attempt to tell in this article what we found and the impression it made upon us.

Kalaupapa is a little jutting promontory on the windward side of the island of Molokai, and on clear days is in plain view from the island of Oahu, only six or seven hours sailing from the city of Honolulu. This promontory is completely protected from encroachment or association with the rest of the world, being washed by the waters of the Pacific on three sides, and shut in on the fourth by a thousand foot perpendicular mountain, with only one small foot trail leading dizzily to its fern-covered top.

On the promontory, consisting of about 5,000 acres, is located one of the most unique villages in the world. Here live the unfortunate leper patients collected and segregated from the population of the entire Hawaiian Island Territory. At the last report of the Board of Health there were 485 patients in this leper settlement of the following nationalities: American 1, Belgian 1, Chinese 11, Cuban 1, Filipino 25, German 4, Hawaiian 270, Japanese 32, Korean 13, part

Hawaiian 96, Porto Rican 4, and Portugese 27. Of these, 324 are males and 161 females, the males very greatly predominating.

Living conditions here are pleasant and agreeable. Separate individual homes are furnished for those who desire to continue the family circle relation. In many cases husband and wife are both residents of the settlement. These homes are comfortable and sanitary, ample domestic water being provided. Those who prefer to live in community homes are given suitable housing in Unit Homes built and properly equipped for the purpose by the funds of the Territory. The Baldwin Home is an institution for boys and single men. Women and girls are cared for in the Bishop Home. Bay View Home is maintained for advanced cases. All small children under one year are cared for in the Nursery.

The settlement is equipped with a hospital for bed-ridden patients, a dispensary, a dental parlor, an injection room, and facilities for hot medicinal baths for those who desire them. The Board of Health is attempting as much as possible to keep hospital accommodations and equipment commensurate with the needs of the patients.

The spiritual needs of the people are amply and liberally cared for. The Catholic, the Calvin, and the "Mormon" organizations all have suitable meeting houses, and each are given the support of the administration in conducting the affairs of their congregations.

There are few villages in any community which are better cared for socially than the Kalaupapa settlement. Several musical organizations keep the community enlivened with good music and song. Free weekly motion picture shows are given, in a hall amply provided with seating accommodations, that would be the pride of any small city in America.

Dances are given on a good floor with good music, at frequent intervals. There is in the town amusement hall a municipal radio receiver, giving free radio concerts three times per week. These concerts are distributed by extension loud-speaker equipment to the various Unit Homes, so that the bed-ridden, the blind, the lame and the sick may enjoy a little invisible association with the outside world. This community prefers to tune in with Honolulu and enjoy the radio concerts given by their own people, but several of the more powerful mainland stations are well received. The present superintendent (he has been in office only a few months) personally installed the radio equipment two years ago, which incidentally brought him in touch with the colony and the administration, and resulted directly in his selection as superintendent.

It will be interesting to the reader to know that the municipal affairs of the settlement are conducted entirely by the residents themselves. A police officer and a district magistrate, selected from their number, interpret and enforce the law. The administration stands solidly behind them in maintaining the peace, and punishing the offender. Not only is this a distinct municipality, but it makes, exe-

cutes and enforces its own laws, and does not need the help of any outside officers of the law. They efficiently handle the difficult prohibition question and all other matters of law enforcement.

The rationing of this large settlement is no small matter. A well fed community is usually a well contented community, and judging from the peace and contentment we found here this important feature is well cared for.

Poi is the staple and principal food of these people and perhaps the most wholesome and best suited food for the climate. Seventeen pounds of poi is given to each person per week. If they do not desire this amount of poi they may exchange the poi card for any other article of equal value at the settlement store. Enough beef, pork, fish or other meat to meet the needs is supplied each person. Approximately twelve head of beef or the equivalent are slaughtered each week. In addition to this most of the residents have their own flocks of chickens, pigs, and vegetable and fruit gardens to supply their tables. All are well provided with boats, nets and fishing tackle to take the fish from the ocean at their doors. An ample allowance of matches, coal oil, soap, salt, etc., is made. In addition to this a weekly grocery allowance of $1 and a yearly clothing allowance of $16 is made to each inmate. These items are supplied at the Kalaupapa store.

Employment is furnished to all who wish to work, and are able to work. The average monthly payroll is $4,000. This amount is paid to inmates engaged as carpenters, nurses, cooks, stewards, butchers, blacksmiths, electricians, drivers, road workers and live stock workers. The salaries range from $65 per month downward, the average being about $1.25 per day. These earnings the inmates may use as they wish. You will note that these salaries in addition to the regular rations, make of these people real independent capitalists. In addition to this a liberal cash allowance is given to the blind and indigent inmates that the little niceties and luxuries of life may not be entirely lacking. All inmates of Unit Homes do not share in these rations as their food is all cooked and served to them either in their own rooms, if bed-ridden or indigent, or at the community table of the homes. The laundry and mending of the clothes of the inmates of the various homes are also cared for.

The residents here in this village own 25 automobiles for their own private use, purchased with their own private funds. Most of them have their own horses and saddles and all dress fully as well or better than the average person in the other villages and towns of the territory.

They have their own base ball teams and other organizations for mutual amusement and recreation. All in all, they are a happy, contented, prosperous, peaceable community of people. Sufferers, yes; but happily resigned to an apparently incurable condition. They receive all, in reason, that medical skill, territorial funds, and a wholesome humane interest on the part of the administration can supply.

Our work of the Church, under the personal direction of Elder John Bright, has been well and efficiently handled. Our members are real Latter-day Saints and have won the confidence and trust of the administration. We have a membership of 90 in the settlement. Elder Bright will soon leave the settlement, his wife who was a sufferer with leprosy having recently died. Elder Nahulu Eleakala has been assigned to succeed him as president of Kalaupapa. We have no better Latter-day Saints in the mission than those living in the unfortunate, yet happy, Kalaupapa Leper Settlement.

I cannot close this short article without a word of praise and commendation to those actively engaged at Kalaupapa in managing and caring for the needs of those unfortunately forced by sickness to live there.

R. L. Cooke, the efficient superintendent, is a navy man, having worked up from deck sweeper to a commission in U. S. naval forces. He is a farmer, having been raised on a farm. He is a radio expert and served in the late world war in that division of the service. He is not only a successful superintendent but a sympathetic friend to every inmate, an executive and a wise counselor. To him we owe much for the success and pleasure of our visit.

Dr. Geo. H. Huddy, himself a part Hawaiian, left a large private dental practice, to devote his whole time to the unfortunate inmates of Kalaupapa, Kalihi Hospital and the Insane Asylum. Dr. Huddy deserves much praise for his unselfish devotion to the comfort and good of the sufferers of his people.

Dr. Harold K. Marshall, an experienced Leperologist, is in charge of the medical division of the Kalaupapa Leper Settlement.

Laie, Oahu, T. H.

A Plea

Dreams will come, and live, and go,
  Throughout the endless years;
We'll read their meaning later
  'Mid sorrows, joys or tears.

Life is but a little span;
  No one can tell how brief.
Then banish cares with sunshine,
  Sweet smiles to drown the grief.

The tears were made for laughter—
  An evidence of joy,
As well as sorrow's portion;
  For that, let's them employ.

Then life will glide the smoother,
  Our days can then be free
Of petty pouts and frownings
  And lack of sympathy.

Life's meaning will be clearer,
  Our hearts will be at rest,
As children of God we then
  Should strive to do our best.

Corvallis, Oregon. CLARK GOLDEN.

THE OLD RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE SNAKE AT AMERICAN FALLS

THE AMERICAN FALLS DAM AND PROJECT

By Hyrum Kay

The city of American Falls, Idaho, is destined to play an important role in the development and reclamation of the great area of Southern Snake River Valley. This city with its two thousand inhabitants and all its industrial and commercial and residential ramifications and activities have been moved to higher ground about a mile away from its first location, at a cost of great sums of money. The purpose is to give place to one of the largest reserviors in the United States, the waters of which will irrigate thousands of acres of heretofore unwatered land in the valleys and mesas of the Snake River valley. The mad Snake River of the Rocky Mountains has been lassoed, conquered and harnessed to increase future agricultural output of a vast region, and to do the will of man. The dam will make available for farms, thousands of acres of the most fertile lands in the state.

Western American history began, so to speak, within a stone's throw of American Falls, when the famous Fort Hall was established in the summer of 1834. The Fort Hall site, like the low-lying part of the moved city, will be inundated when the great dam is completed. A fresh water lake will cover its historic "bottoms," a distance of approximately eight by eighteen miles. Soon a monumental electric shaft will mark the spot where the historic old Fort Hall stood.

American Falls, Idaho, is one of the numerous young cities of the great Western areas. Fort Hall was its father, and Pocatello its younger brother. They are still on the old farm located by Nathaniel J. Weyeth, of Boston, who chose the junction of the low-lying bottoms of the Portneuf and Snake rivers for a trapper's camp and fort, in the summer of 1834. He named Fort Hall after Mr. Hall, also of Boston, who outfitted Weyeth for a consignment of trappers' and traders' supplies, which, however, the consignee refused. This forced Weyeth to camp and try the game of trapping himself. He failed and sold the outfit, fort and all, to the Hudson Bay Fur Company, a British concern, which by right of discovery and occupation held dominion

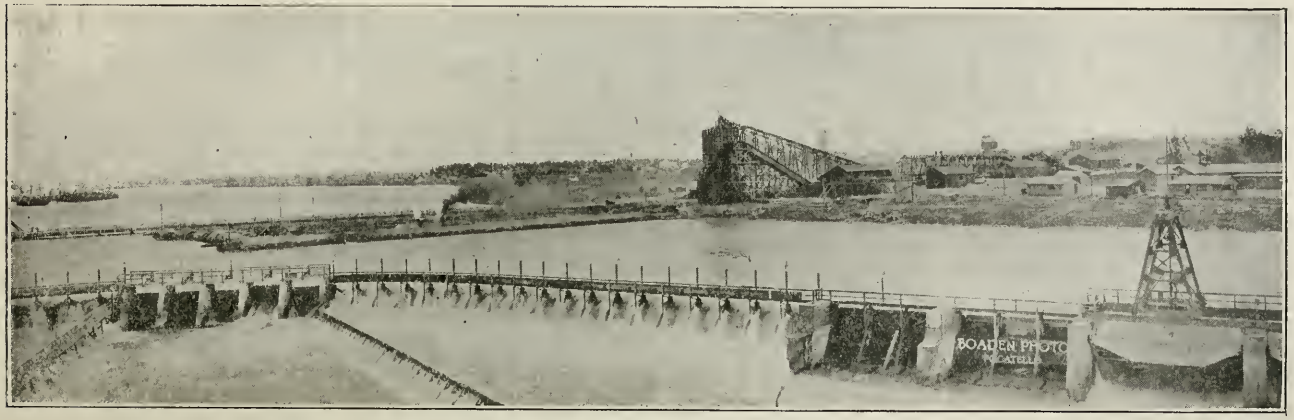
over the fur industry from Hudson's Bay, in Canada, to the south-flowing streams of Idaho, with headquarters at Montreal. They controlled a territory sixteen hundred miles in extent. Their opposition to competitors forced Weyeth out of business. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Uncle Sam and John Bull were sparring over a great area of mysterious, untraveled and practically unknown land. Uncle Sam was feeling his way westward, prospecting for opportunities, and in the effort discovered himself trespassing upon foreign territory—Spain, Mexico, and England. Believing in service and fair play, and carrying the big stick, speaking softly, but fighting when necessary for his rights, made his victorious way westward.

The main outpost of this period was in St. Louis, Missouri, a distance from Fort Hall westward of about twelve hundred miles. American men of mettle, by chosen appointment, succeeded in crossing the mighty Rocky Mountains at two passes. The South Pass eventually became the old Oregon Trail, with the great Snake river a barrier to wagon transportation, and Fort Hall as the end of the wagon trail to the far western outpost.

American Falls, Fort Hall, Pocatello, Ross Fork, merge in history, and are near the 45th meridian and about 112 longitude. American Falls has an altitude of 4,347 feet and lies twenty-five miles southwest of Pocatello, and about fifteen miles south of the site of old Fort Hall. Ross Fork, the headquarters of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and the home of the Bannock, Shoshone and Lemhi Indians, is located on Ross Fork Creek, twelve miles north of Pocatello, and is named after Alexander Ross, a Scotchman, chevalier of the old school, hunter, early explorer and writer. He found a tribe of Indians on the plains of Idaho who made cornmeal cakes similar to the bannock cakes of Scotland, and therefore, he called the Indians by that name. He is known as a good mixer in the tribal socials of the Red Men, having taught the Shoshone maidens the old Scotch reel. He is said occasionally to have donned a suit of medieval armor and performed startling stunts, to the great wonder of the natives.

Southern Idaho has distinct and well recognized geological aspects. In remote days, it was the boiling place of a score of volcanoes which changed its original contour and left a hardened bed of lava, forty miles wide and forty miles long. Later, the historic Lake Bonneville, burst its bounds and rushed through the channels, now the bed of the Portneuf river and the Snake, and on to the Pacific ocean. It took ages for Mother Nature to reforest the burnt area and clothe it in flowers and verdure; but the soil is fertile, though largely lava ashes, and there are elements here, when combined with our marvelous air and sunshine, that can sustain a great nation of people. Our mountains are our treasure houses.

All about this part of the country, remain evidences of antique races, discoveries of relics which in themselves would make interesting reading, as would the tracing of the name, "Snake," as



SCENE AT THE BUILDING OF THE NEW DAM, AMERICAN FALLS, IDAHO

The laying of the cornerstone, July 13, 1925, upon which will rest the mammoth dam, was a great event in the city's history. It was a small, plain, white rock, which had carved in its surface the year of its placing. But it has a wide meaning, visioning a rich supply of water for the thirsty and heretofore unwatered soil of the Snake River Valley. It was a very significant day in the history of the little city. At least ten thousand people took part in the great event which augurs marvelous progress for the argicultural interests of the state of Idaho. The Utah Construction Company are the builders, and expect to have the job completed in June, 1927. They began pouring concrete into the large retaining wall on December 15, 1925; this wall will be 82½ feet high. A government power plant is to be constructed on the west bank of the river below the falls.

applied to the river, the valley, the Indians. The river course was named for the Snake Indians who were very numerous along its banks and plateaus.

Fort Hall, a fur trading station, founded in 1834 by Nathaniel J. Weyeth, born 1802, is the spot where civil government commenced and religion made its first stand in the mid-continental Oregon country, thus blazing the way for the old Oregon Trail. There are tentative plans afoot to erect an electrically lighted memorial shaft, resembling a lighthouse, on the spot in the new lake where Fort Hall was located. Nothing remains of the old fort save a ditch which was once used as a rifle pit or moat. The site was relocated, and a marker placed on the spot on July 27, 1919.

The American Falls dam, with its reclamation project, will cover the historic spot with a lake of water approximately eight by eighteen miles in size. The dam will impound 1,700,000 acre feet of water. The whole population of American Falls numbers 2,200. There were eight churches, two schools, eighty-four business concerns, one electric power plant, one flour mill and the Union Pacific railroad, all of which have been removed to higher ground, and the old town site will be covered with water. The new town site was built at a cost to the Government of $400,000, and the new American Falls is one of the model cities of the West, including eight miles of new sidewalks, seven miles of sewers, nine miles of water mains and twelve miles of graded and graveled streets. A public square and park, nine acres in extent, forms the center of the town site, around which will be built churches, public buildings, court house, city hall, library and apartment houses. The improved area of the new town covers three hundred acres and is divided into 867 lots free of bonded indebtedness of all kinds. Water is supplied from a new reservoir with a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons pumped from a large fresh spring on the west side of the reservoir. The site was planned by Mr. Russell V. Black, expert city planner. The old town was to be entirely vacated by December, 1925.

The work on the dam is a state enterprise, although the leadership of individuals has proved an important factor. D. F. Banks, engineer in charge, and an employee of the Government Reclamation Service, assisted by Barry Dibble, supervised the dam-construction. A feature of the mammoth enterprise was the raising of the O. S. L. railroad bridge, spanning the great Snake river twenty-two feet without any delay to trans-continental trains. Hydraulic jacks were used. Another local feature has been the gradual moving of the Idaho Power Company's plant from the west side of the river to the east side where it now stands like a castle on the Rhine, in modern attire, distributing 200,000 capacity horse-power.

The length of the American Falls dam is 5,227 feet, 83 feet high, width at base 75 feet. The area covered by water is sixty-one thousand acres in the reservoir which is twenty-five miles long with an average width of three and one-half miles and having a capacity of 1,700,000

acre feet storage. This reserves 500,000 acre feet for other new projects, namely: Shoshone project, the Minidoka extension, the Empire District and the Fort Hall project, the latter being tributary to American Falls, and a part of it is now under irrigation. Irrigation water may be obtained at $5 per acre foot. The actual cost of the dam and necessary right of way will approximate $7,000,000.

The dam and reclamation project was dedicated July 13, 1925, the corner-stone of the dam being laid at 10 a. m., by Elwood Mead, U. S. Commissioner of Reclamation. Addresses were made by Hubert Work, Secretary of Interior; Elwood Mead, Senator W. E. Borah, Gov. Charles C. Moore of Idaho, and Gov. George H. Dern of Utah, and Chief Tea Pobriko of the Bannock Tribe, who spoke in his native tongue. Pobriko, in full regalia, made his address which has been interpreted and reproduced as follows:

SACRIFICE OF THE INDIANS

By Chief Tea Pobriko

"Mr. Chairman, Honorable Secretary of the Interior, Ladies and Gentlemen: I consider it a great honor to be permitted to say a few words in behalf of my people on this great occasion. I wish that I might be able to make you realize the sacrifice we have made in order that this great dam might be a reality. I was one of the delegates who went to Washington in behalf of my people and agreed to the flooding of our lands. In giving up this great tract of land necessary for this reservoir, we have shared with you our already limited supply of bread and butter. We needed this land in our humble way of making a living. No one but a member of our tribe can realize what this sacrifice means to us. It is a part of our inheritance, a part of the land which was given to us by the treaty of '68. It is a part of our winter home, and it is only because of the fact that this reservoir will provide homes for a great many white people that we have consented to share our land with you.

Chief Tea Pobriko

"We realize that you are great and strong, while we are poor, humble, few in number and gradually growing weaker. In conference with our superintendent, and after considering what this great work means to the government, we come to realize that the sacrifice was necessary. First, to provide homes for the increasing multitudes of white people, and second, because we want to live in peace and harmony with our white brothers. We want you to be our friend and we want to be your friend. We want to improve our homes and farms as you improve your homes and farms. We want our children to grow up to be good men and women, just as you want your children to be good men and women. We want to be loyal to that flag.

"We beg of you to be fair and patient with us, help us in our humble way: help us to educate our children: care for our sick, and teach us to obey and respect your laws. We want to be a part of this great nation that controls all of this country that once was ours. We realize that the old days and the old customs have passed. We are trying to adapt ourselves to your ways. With your consideration and fair treatment we feel that we will succeed. I thank you."

The celebration included day-light fire works, band concerts, ball games, rodeo, carnival booths, and a historic pageant entitled, "The Spirit of Idaho."

Pocatello, Idaho.

WHY A TEMPLE IN HAWAII?

By J. A. Hendrickson

There were sixty men and women in the company. Four of these were from Utah, two from Salt Lake City, and two from Logan.

Ten Cadillac and Packard cars stood ready to convey the crowd. All were jolly and out to see the sights of a "foreign part of the United States."

It was February 8, 1925, but very much like a day in July or August in Utah. The thermometer registered 75 F. Mountains, hills and dales were green and flowers were everywhere in evidence. Only the memory of six days previous enabled us to realize that this was the winter season. This company of people left the California coast only a week previous. They were new on the island of Oahu, of the Hawaiian group, preparing to leave the city of Honolulu for a trip around the island. They skirted the Pacific most of the distance, by way of Laie, the "Mormon" village where the Temple is located. The company was largely residents of Long Beach, California.

In the first car with the writer and his wife, was the President of the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce and his wife, the former Mayor of Honolulu, the Secretary of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, who met the excursionists at Long Beach and accompanied them across to the islands.

Honolulu is a city of 100,000. The buildings, the business methods, the money, and the official language is all strictly American.

From this city to the temple village is twenty miles as the crow would fly. By auto road it is thirty-five miles.

We left Honolulu at 9:30 a. m., driving northward up the mountain side through the beautiful Nuuanu valley, dotted here and there with pretty little thatched roof houses nestled in evergreens, cocoanut palms, and bread food trees. In thirty minutes we were at the summit known as the Pali. Here there is a great precipice, and a wind, bordering on a hurricane, never ceases to blow at this point.

On this summit is found a stone tablet on which the following is carved:

"Erected by the Daughters of Hawaii, in 1909, to commemorate the Battle of Nuuanu, fought in this Valley in 1795, when the invading Kamehameha I, drove the forces of Kalanikupule, King of Oahu, to the Pali and hurled them over the precipice, thus establishing the Kamehameha dynasty."

At this point, 1200 feet above the sea, there burst upon our view the most picturesque and dazzling scene of land and sea. Descending on the further side of this mountain on paved roads to the windward coast of Oahu, we turned westerly, with the ocean at our right, and the mountain slopes at our left, covered with bananas, rice, sugar cane, and walnut fields as far as the eye could reach. The rolling hillsides, skirting lovely beaches, bays and evergreen mountains at our left and the ocean at our right were our companions as we moved along toward the village of Laie.

Occasionally we passed small thatched-roofed cottages, nestled among the tall ferns and evergreens, and an occasional Water Buffalo plowing in the rice fields followed by a Hawaiian or Japanese.

On these islands the ferns we raise in Utah, in pots and jars, grow as high as twenty feet and oftimes are used as shade trees to the roadways.

When within a mile of the Temple city the Secretary of the Honolulu Chamber, not knowing at this time there were "Mormons" on board, remarked:

"The next surprise I have for you is the 'Mormon' Temple, situated at the little town of Laie about a mile distant. I am told this temple cost $250,000 and is located in a town of but six hundred inhabitants. The grounds surrounding the temple are magnificent, and the 'Mormon' Church owns a plantation of ten thousand acres of well cultivated sugar cane. The 'Mormons' have surely done wonders among the Hawaiians. It is said one-third of all the natives on the Islands belong to the 'Mormon' Church. I don't know how true it is, but the 'Mormons' state that the recent Queen Lilioukalani was a member. The native people have been taught industry, morality, and love for God, about which they knew but little when the 'Mormon' missionaries first came here seventy-five years ago. The 'Mormons' have indeed helped the people and not helped themselves as the other missionaries have done, who came here prior to the 'Mormons.' The descendants of the early missionaries are now the bosses of the Island. When you reach the Temple you will be surprised at its magnificence and the surroundings."

At this point the ex-mayor of Honolulu spoke up and said:

"My father and mother owned this little home at our left just beyond those trees (pointing his finger toward the left.) That is where I was born, and my folks have always known the 'Mormons' and considered them the best people on the Islands. They have certainly improved the condition of the Hawaiian race. When you reach Laie you will see not only the temple, but other Church buildings and six schoolhouses filled with children of different grades, taught by boys and girls from Utah. These children are of many nationalities, but no nationality is turned from the school whether they be 'Mormons' or not. All are welcome. The school is free and the Church puts up the necessary money, and the teachers come here from Utah and work without pay. The 'Mormons' have churches on all the Islands, and missionaries from Utah, I understand, receive no remuneration for their time, and pay their own expenses. If other churches did as the 'Mormons' do, we would be inclined to have faith in their religion."

We are now on the temple grounds. Here indeed is a view long to be remembered. Surrounding the temple are about five acres of

EXTENSIVE PINEAPPLE FIELDS IN HAWAII

ground covered with well-kept lawn, with many evergreen trees and flowering bushes. At the entrance to the grounds we see the tract and book supply house where the guide is always on hand to supply visitors with "Mormon" literature.

Then one sees the crowd walking around, looking at the temple and the beautiful surroundings, and having their pictures taken with the temple at the background, it gives the assurance that the scene is leaving an impression upon their minds.

Before reaching the temple, our guides learned of the "Mormons"

in the car, and conversation became more direct and to the point. Questions such as these were asked time and time again: "Why did the 'Mormons' build a temple, way out here?" "Why was not the temple placed in Honolulu?" "A large temple like this in a city where there are only six hundred people?" "Have the 'Mormons' similar temples all over the earth?" The temple guide did his best in answering the questions.

The official photographer, brought along from Honolulu, took many photographs of different groups, adjusting themselves about on the grounds with the temple at the background.

After an hour's stay on the grounds, the company continued along the Ocean to the little town of Haleiwa, where they had luncheon, and then continued overland, passing the United States Schoffield-Barretts, from which point tens of thousands of acres of pineapples could be seen in every direction in the various stages of growth, from the small plant to the ripened fruit.

Half an hour later we were passing Pearl Harbor, and from thence we continued back to Honolulu, our starting point. No doubt the question that entered my mind has also crept into the minds of other members of the Church, when it was suggested to build a temple at Hawaii; here is a land 2,000 miles from America, inhabited by a native people comparatively unlearned! Why a temple here?

We, of course, knew but little about them or their faithfulness. After a few visits to the little town of Laie, and conversing with the people in their homes and elsewhere, and meeting with between three and four hundred in the Church at Honolulu, I looked at the question from a different point of view: Here are a people faithful and earnest in their affiliation with the Church, and apparently just as anxious as the Saints at home to know and do the will of the Lord, and to save their departed kindred. Therefore, a temple.

But aside from this, there is another advantage. Hardly a day passes that there is not a boat landing at Honolulu, carrying passengers from the East or West, and later continuing to the American coast, or to points in the Orient. Steamers from Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or the Panama Canal, sailing westward, usually stop at Honolulu for one or more days. Then again, ships from New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, Japan, or China, seldom pass without a rest for one or more days at Honolulu, where automobiles are always on hand to convey passengers to see the sights of the Island. Comparatively few miss the opportunity of such a trip. This can not be made without passing the "Mormon" temple. Thousands of visitors visit this place every week and get more or less information concerning the Latter-day Saints and their views, and never leave without literature, which they take with them and read as they continue on their journey.

In this way the temple is an advertising medium to thousands

of people who have heard but little about the "Mormons" or their views. What I saw and heard, convinced me more than ever of the inspiration of the leaders of our Church, when they decided to build a temple on one of the Hawaiian Islands.

We can only know the truth by first hearing it; and religion, like every other good thing, must be presented to the individual either by the written or the spoken word before he can accept the same, so this temple is becoming a most excellent medium of disseminating the truth of the gospel to thousands upon thousands who might not hear it, were it not for this advantage. Outside of the Bureau of Information, at Salt Lake City, I doubt not that this is one of the best mediums the Church has of spreading truth to people who have heard but little concerning our faith.

On the boat that took us from the Pacific coast to Hawaii, there were on board 366 passengers. There were persons from 29 states of the Union, from Canada, and Hawaii.

Logan, Utah.

Gems of Thought

Tears of compassion are the dew-drops of heaven.

The laughter of a child is the melody of angels.

When the sunshine of love pervades the home, unhappiness vanishes as the shadow does before the sun.

Jealousy and hatred are twin companions.

Jealousy and love are not agreeable companions, they will not "mix" any better than oil and water will: where love abides in the home jealousy cannot find a resting place.

One agreeable companion is of more real assistance than a host of "I told you so's."

The effort to say a kind word is virtually nothing, but its far reaching effect cannot be measured.

Rexburg, Idaho. PHINEUS TEMPEST.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG-WRITING CONTEST

With a desire to secure suitable new songs for use in the Sunday Schools the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union announces the following contest:

Writers are invited to submit original, heretofore unpublished poems, not to exceed four verses, on any of the following subjects:

1. Sacrament.
2. Book of Mormon.
3. Word of Wisdom.
4. Tithing.
5. Mother's Day.
6. Promotion (ideal involved in).
7. Closing Hymns.
8. Pioneers.
9. Missionary or Enlistment Hymns.
10. Songs Adapted to Meetings of Teachers. (Union.)
11. Hymns of Praise.
12. Hymns on Virtues (love, forgiveness, etc.).

For the poem, on each of these subjects, deemed by the judges to be best suited to the purpose, the General Board will award a prize of $10, making twelve prizes. The winning poems will be published later, and prizes will be offered for appropriate musical settings. Songs suitable for the Kindergarten and Primary departments will be welcome.

Poems on the Sacrament must be in the office of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before February 1, 1926.

The contest closes April 1, 1926. Poems which have already been published will be barred from the contest. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all poems submitted. Manusripts accepted become the property of the Deseret Sunday School Union, together with the right to copyright and publish.

Manuscripts should be signed with a *nom de plume* only, the name of the writer to be enclosed in a sealed envelope, on the outside of which should be written his *nom de plume.*

Obstruction

What seems like a wall is a ladder;
The first step is under your eye;
What if you don't see it, keep stepping;
It's stepping that finds it, *step high.*

San Diego, California. SATELLA JAQUES PENMAN.

KARL G. MAESER AND THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY*

By Dr. Richard R. Lyman, Member of the Church Board of Education and of the Council of the Twelve

Fifty years ago today, single-handed, Karl G. Maeser was sent to Provo by President Brigham Young to start a school. Four years later, or forty-six years ago, next Wednesday, Edison gave to the world the first successful incandescent lamp. Electrical development during the intervening period has made thrilling strides. This institution, too, has had a phenomenal growth, and many of its alumni have achieved unusual successes.

Today electricity gives to human organs of speech a super-human power. From the classrooms of this institution, where their lives touched the life of that great teacher, Karl G. Maeser, his students have become leaders in the communities of this inter-mountain West.

Electric lights dispel the darkness, electric motors give us the strength of giants, we go by submarines into the depths of the ocean, by aeroplanes into the skies.

During the same period, the original B. Y. Academy from a small beginning has been transformed into a great University.

The boys and girls who came into the institution in its early days, having had extremely limited opportunities, necessarily had narrow vision. Karl G. Maeser opened the eyes of these young people, opened their minds, gave them information with which they laid the foundation for their future.

This thorough, German scholar equipped these young folks with self-propelling powers. Many have gone on to successes that have astonished the most optimistic. Were Karl G. Maeser with us today, he would express surprise at the accomplishments of many of his students. In public office, both in State and Church, they are found adding glory to his name, to the name of the school whose foundation he laid, and bringing honor to themselves and to their communities.

I was in many of his classes. I lived at his home. It was my good fortune to be near enough to him to see his unusual energy and to feel the tremendous power of his soul.

Karl G. Maeser gave such inspiration that many of his students have become important factors in the work of the world. For example, from among them the people of Utah have selected and have representing them at this very moment in the Nation's Capitol, two United States Senators, one Congressman, and one Justice of the Supreme Court. Find, if you can, another teacher with such a record!

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*An address given at the Brigham Young University, Provo, at the Semi-centennial Celebration, October 16, 1925.

Under the direction of President Brigham Young, Karl G. Maeser established this institution. Its purpose has been, and may it ever be, to teach young people that being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous; being kind, long-suffering, Christian-like and truly religious, is the life that gives the greatest joy. The lesson he aimed to teach was that the ages demonstrate such a life to be the only one that brings genuine satisfaction. He taught that the first of all the virtues is honor.

May Providence continue to keep a watchful eye over the institution and with a powerful hand, continue its development and

HEBER J. GRANT LIBRARY RECENTLY DEDICATED AT PROVO. BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

success. Blessed be the name and memory of that great religious teacher, that inspirer of young people, Dr. Karl G. Maeser. Blessed also be the name of that great pioneer leader, Brigham Young, who called Karl G. Maeser into the service, and for whom the institution is named.

And, in conclusion, blessed be the name of Heber J. Grant, the worthy successor of the founder of the school. It was President Grant who made possible the construction of this excellent and greatly needed library building which bears his name, and which we are dedicating today as a part of this Semi-centennial Celebration.

Anticipation

We'll joy in delightful anticipation;
We'll revel in hope and be glad;
If anything hinders the realization,
It can't take the joy that we've had.

San Diego, California. SATELLA JAQUES PENMAN.

THE WRONG GIRL

By Agnes Just Reid

Rollo and his mother were riding toward the sunset, down the long gradual slope that leads to home. They had been gone all day looking after fences, leases, range and all the things that affect the cattle business. They had eaten their lunch dinner by a spring and enjoyed a perfect day together as two men might have done.

The boy had talked in his animated way of almost everything in the universe; talked until he seemed to have run out of subjects. His mother almost suspected that he had led the conversation for fear she might lead it into unplesant channels. Now, as he fell silent, she thought she must sound him a little on the subject that was nearest her heart.

"Son, what about this Atkinsen girl who is visiting the Davis family?"

"Oh, I don't know much about her."

"Surely you know more than I do. Who is she? Where is she from? How long is she going to stay? I suppose I could find out these things from some one else, but since you have been there so much you must know."

"Oh yes, I know that she is a third or fourth cousin of Mrs. Davis, and I know that she came from Chicago. I don't think she knows how long she is going to stay."

"Now, there is one more question I want to ask you, Rollo, and I doubt if anyone else in the community can answer it, does she smoke cigarettes?"

The color flew to Rollo's face and for a moment he dropped his eyes to the saddle horn, then he looked into his mother's eyes with that old defiant truthfulness of his childhood days and said: "Yes, she does."

Molly Kent knew well enough what the answer would be, or should be, to her question; still, when it came, she was unprepared for it and the one thing she wanted to do was cry. She could not see any glory in the sunset, she could not thrill at being the mother of the handsome boy who rode beside her; she could not do anything but cry.

Rollo knew she was crying. He always knew how little it took to make her cry, and finally said impatiently: "Well, Mother, what is there to cry about, because Bessie Atkinsen smokes?"

"Oh, Son, you'll never know what it is to be a Mother and just how far into the future a Mother's eyes can look to find causes for tears."

"Well, you always have been perfectly nutty over tobacco. Everybody uses it. I don't see why you should make such a fuss about it."

"Perhaps I should not. Perhaps I am wrong. Mothers can't always be right and, I must admit that since the war, I am with the minority. All my life I have watched the glorious forward march of the human race. Each year marks an advancement in every line—we have better homes, better schools, better roads, better hospitals, better everything, but the war set us back about fifty years on the tobacco question. Your great grandmother smoked, and if you marry a girl who smokes, instead of keeping abreast of the times, you are stepping back three generations."

"What makes you think I am going to marry a girl who smokes?"

"I am not sure that I think you are, Rollo, but I am sure that you are more interested in this girl who does smoke than you have ever been in any girl yet."

"What if I am? She is a lively kid. Plays the piano, the uke, and sings like a song bird. I am interested in her because she shows me a good time. I haven't any idea of marrying her."

"Did it ever occur to you that she might have an idea of marrying you?"

"No, it never did. If she wants to marry, there are plenty of the other boys she can get. The fellows are all crazy about her. I think I am mighty lucky to get a chance to take her out at all, but I am not thinking about marrying anyone."

"That is just it, my boy. You are not thinking about marrying anyone and with a girl of that type, you won't think about it. Just the first thing you know you'll marry her and think about it afterward. I know that I am old-fashioned in my ideas, but I have watched a good many of these whirl-wind love affairs, and they usually end in the divorce courts. At your age, you are likely to choose the companionable girl, but I look for a mother for your children. I wish I could get you to say to yourself before you take a girl anywhere and spend time and money on her: 'Is she the kind of a girl I would like to have for the mother of my children?' If young people all did that, there'd be mighty few divorces."

"You don't know, Mother, Bessie might develop into a first rate mother. She is young, you know."

"Yes, she is young, but can you imagine a mother with a cigarette in her lips? Can you imagine Rollo, Junior, three months old and choking with croup as you were so many times, and his mother pausing in the mad rush for remedies to roll a cigarette?"

Rollo laughed in spite of himself. "Well, if I marry her, she's got to quit smoking. I've already tried to tell her it was not the right thing to do in these parts."

"Quit smoking? No, she'll never quit smoking. Nobody ever quits smoking. They attempt to quit, then they turn cowards and instead of quitting, they just become dishonest about it. They grow into liars and thieves. If you continue in your attentions to her, you yourself will be smoking inside of six months. The woman always

leads, and every woman is like the busy elevator in a department store, she is either carrying you up, up, or down, down."

They were nearing home, and it was almost dark. As Rollo opened the gate below the house, a car came into sight and he held the gate open. In the one seat of the car were three girls and two boys. The only one that Mollie Kent recognized was Bessie of their recent discussion, and she was sitting on the boy's lap.

Mollie was back in the shadows so they did not see her. They stopped the car and Bessie's clear baby voice said: "Hello, Rolly, why the ——— weren't you at home, we called to take you to the show with us."

"Oh, I am too tired anyway. Thanks," said Rollo and the car moved on.

"Who were those young people?" asked Mollie Kent.

"The boys are two of the toughest characters in Kirby. The two girls are strangers to me, and I guess Bessie is a stranger, too. I certainly never thought she'd step out with a bunch like that. I guess you're right, Mother o' mine, she is the wrong girl."

And millions of stars leaped suddenly forth in the heavens.

Shelley, R. 2, Idaho.

The Paneled Soul

Oh, impaneled vision of the mountain heights,
So delicately robed with mysterious lights;
You beckon my thoughts linger there awhile
To find a wealth of show—and so beguile
The hours; look past the darkened wall's soft dun,
And cause the soul to soar and greet the sun.

What e'er may be my distant lot,
This one thing to me you've taught:
That beyond this rigid frame of life
Gleams crested mountain's peace, nor toil, nor strife.

Provo, Utah D. JORDAN RUST

EDUCATION AS A PUBLIC ENTERPRISE

A Radio Talk K. S. L., November 16, 1925—Education Week

By Milton Bennion, Dean of School of Education, University of Utah

Education is the chief business of the state. It was so conceived by Plato in his *Republic*, and this thought has ever since been the common possession of the intellectual and spiritual leaders of mankind. As the life of one individual is but a small part of the total complex, interdependent life of mankind at any particular moment, so is the life of one generation of men and women a small part of the total life of humanity.

Education, like civilization, belongs to humanity. Both education and civilization have been developing through thousands of generations. That which we enjoy today and all that we have attained in education is due to the labors of these many generations that have preceded us, and to the fact that their discoveries, inventions, and other attainments have been transmitted from each generation to the next.

The vision and purpose of the state are not restricted to the welfare of one or two generations. In so far as possible the state looks forward to the well being of its citizens both now and for many generations yet to come. It is this vision on the part of the state that makes it the proper custodian of education. It is not looking for immediate economic returns from its investment in public schools. It may even be content if in the long run economic returns are secondary to the more enduring intellectual and moral values, which are, or should be, uppermost in the minds of teachers and educational administrators.

Of all the moral obligations that rest upon both individuals and states as social institutions, that of properly educating each new generation is greatest. It is therefore highly appropriate and morally right that the state should spend more than half of its revenues for education, and that taxpayers should contribute willingly and liberally to this cause, each in proportion to his ability to pay.

Neither the state nor the taxpayer, however, can do full duty by financial support alone. Education is a community enterprise, in more ways than financial support of schools. In the broad sense of the term a very large and important part of the child's education is obtained outside of the schoolroom—in the home, in vocational activities, and in the social and civic life of the community. Public responsibility for education includes maintaining the most favorable educational environment in the home, in industry, and in community life. This fact is recognized in some measures in our marriage and

divorce laws, in our State Industrial Commissions and laws to be administered by them, and in our social legislation that seeks to keep society free from morally corrupting influences. These are examples of how many of the state's activities have a very direct influence upon the development of each new generation.

The individual also has analogous responsibilities. The character and social qualities of youth may be formed as much by the example and influence of adult society as by anything that can be taught him in the schools. Surely the public money expended in the education of youth in the schools is in large measure wasted if the good influence of the schools is counteracted by bad influences out of school. After all, is it worth while for this generation to train the next in various technical knowledges and skills without due provision that these knowledges and skills will be used for the welfare of society? Indeed, in case of a youth who is persistently selfish and anti-social in his activities, providing him with knowledges and skills is only increasing his powers for evil.

The educational matter that is just now most pressing for solution is, How may the schools and the community best cooperate to insure development of disposition on the part of youths to use their knowledges and skills for the common good of their fellows? This means that young people should be inspired with high moral purposes and that the influences of the home, the school, and the community shall work harmoniously together toward the realization of this educational aim.

How can this be done? By many means and agencies, some of which are the following:

A closer cooperation of home and school through the Parent-Teacher Associations. These should be active, working associations with committees investigating conditions and carrying out projects for the betterment of the school and the community; and, of course, for the improvement of moral control in the homes. Many of these desirable controls are practically impossible without cooperation of the parents of the community in carrying out any policy. If there are corrupting influences in the community that should be removed by authority of the state directly or through the local government, it should be remembered that perfect operation of the state in these matters is possible only through the highest degree of cooperation on the part of the citizens of a community. The Parent-Teacher Association should provide this kind of cooperation. If public officials are lax, the parents, acting through their organization, in order to secure effective results, should see that such officials are replaced by others who will do their full duty. Satisfactory educational results cannot be attained in a lawless, boot-legging, gambling, or otherwise corrupt and dissipated community. Parents, teachers, social welfare workers, religious leaders, and civil officers should join hands in cleaning out such corruption, where it exists, and in developing in its place the

highest standards of citizenship, the highest types of recreation, opportunities for vocational success, and, in general, a social environment that stimulates youth to high endeavor and noble attainment.

Mystery

O Mystery! thou of the sombre veil,
Who lures our feet to heights we cannot scale,
To depths we cannot comprehend,
And still leads on through lanes that never end,
To leave us in confusion.

Unveil thy face, that he who runs may read
The hidden meaning of thy word and deed;
That we may understand why pain and tears,
Dull sickening sorrows, doubts and fears,
Should be our portion.

We fain would know the miracle of life and death,
From whence we came, who gave us breath;
Whither we go when we go hence—
O Mystery, our hearts grow tense
With wondering.

Whence come the longings for a better life,
The ever present thought to banish strife;
To be and do and try still greater heights,
To wing ourselves away on fancy's flights
To realms unknown?

These things spring not from sordid thought or lust,
Are not of earth; must we forever trust
And wander on in search of the unknown,
Until all longings cease and we lie prone
In Mother earth?

"Be content, vain mortal, be content,
If life were robbed of all its wonderment;
The dreams of youth would smother with a sigh,
The bliss of romance pine away and die,
To rise no more.

"Could'st thou foreknow, at dawn of every day,
That grave perplexities had marked thee for their prey;
If all life's ills were bared before thine eyes,
And all its secrets stripped of their disguise,
O woeful day!

"Thy soul would sink in blackness, no glad smile
Would wreathe thy lips the weary to beguile,
Thy song of hope ne'er rise to ecstasies,
No thrills of joy, no golden fantasies
Would cheer thy way.

"Ambition's strivings then and there would end,
Were all things known; thy upward path descend
To darkest depths for body, mind, and soul,
Oblivion, proud mortal, be thy goal;
Oblivion, oblivion!"

RUTH MAY FOX

WHY NOT ABOLISH JAZZ?

By Fred L. W. Bennett

Wherefore jazz? I have asked myself this question many times, but so far have been unable to answer it. To me the deliberate discords which musicians must make in their playing to get the jazz effect are as inexcusable as would be the slinging of mud on a work of art. I am not a musician myself, but I love music, and, if I may be permitted another comparison, I feel somewhat like a lover of flowers must feel when he sees a lot of dandelions growing in a flower garden. But, let me modify this. Dandelions are after all beautiful to one who can appreciate them, and I doubt if they are as much out of place in a flower garden as the vulgar discords necessary to produce jazz in music.

Jazz is one of those things one defends by ridiculing those who do not like it. You never hear any one seriously defending this extraordinary departure in music by attempting to point out its good qualities. About as far as its most enthusiastic supporters go is to describe the "pep" they get out of it, an argument that has always been used in favor of intoxicating liquors by those who enjoy getting drunk.

The other day press dispatches told of a Provo band of many years' service to its credit that disbanded rather than degrade itself by supplying the popular demand for jazz at dances. All honor to these musicians! They have set an example of which all real lovers of music should be proud. Would that more would follow them, for I cannot think any musician likes to play compositions that require him to make deliberate and senseless discords with his instrument.

Jazz, as has already been pointed out by others, came from the Jungle. It belongs to the savage who cannot produce or appreciate the beauty in music as we of the cultivated and enlightened races are supposed to be capable of doing. If jazz is to be continued because it gives "pep," let those who want that kind of pep hie themselves to a place where they can indulge in it without annoying others who do not like it. No one appreciates a lively, stirring tune more than the writer, but there is a great difference between the banging, rasping sounds associated with jazz and the invigorating airs that might be played. Music can be lively and still possess harmony and rhythm.

Perhaps the writing of this article is a waste of time that could be profitably spent in other work, but the writer has long felt that he *must* say something on this subject. The pity of it all is our younger people seem to delight in jazz because of a notion that it is offensive to the conservative, and they are never so happy as when they feel they are in revolt. I am convinced that it is this that has sustained jazz so long; surely, surely it cannot be due to a genuine love of it; if so, what are

we coming to, or rather going back to? But I have already given a hint as to this!

I cannot see much use in trying to inculcate in the people a love of the beautiful in music whilst jazz is tolerated at the theatres and public dance halls, and even in the amusement halls controlled by the church people. As far as the Latter-day Saints are concerned, why cannot we maintain the excellent standards set up by the recreation committees? Why insist upon music that has been copied from savage tribes? Following the announcement of a dance in the amusement hall of a certain Salt Lake City Ward the other night, a sister who was present enquired if there would be jazz, and the reply was that there would be, but that the following week there would be a married folks' dance.

A love of jazz is not a sign of vigorous youth, but of decay, for jazz is retrogressive, not progressive. Its introduction in certain classes of our music is not a forward step, but a compromise with an instinct in man that is not in sympathy with "the concord of sweet sounds," a phrase which applies just as much to music as it does to poetry.

Refining Fires

Whate'er of trials come to us,
  Of this we do feel sure;
That we, through grace of Christ alone,
  Have power to endure.
And through his precious light of faith
  Our souls are made secure.

What wondrous blessings come to those,
  Who trials shall endure,
By which the soul is sanctified,
  The life from sin made pure.
And through his holy sacrament
  Eternal life secure.

Through partaking of the symbols
  Of his flesh and blood,
The soul's thus made to stronger grow
  'Gainst sin's o'erwhelming flood;
By taking of those emblems pure,
  We're fed life's lasting food.

And thus he cleanseth man from dross
  And seeks to save from sin,
And unto truth and righteousness
  His sin-stained soul to win,
That in partaking of his love
  A new life we begin.

Help us to feel his wondrous power,
  His mission most divine,
Let perfect faith our beacon be
  To guard from sin and crime,
And give us power in every hour,
  To say, "Thy will, not mine."

Oakland, California. ANNIE G. LAURITZEN

THE LOCARNO TREATIES

What They Mean to the Peace of the World

By J. M. Sjodahl

The first day of December, 1925, may properly be considered the beginning of a new epoch in the history of international politics. For on that day the representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Czechoslovakia signed the treaties formulated at the little city of Locarno in Switzerland, and published on October 20.

By these treaties, Germany, France and Belgium agreed to accept the boundary lines as defined by the peace congress at Versailles, and never to violate each other's territory; also to submit all international disputes, not adjustable by common diplomatic methods, to the Council of the League of Nations. Great Britain agreed, in case of military aggression on the part of any of the signatory powers, to join the attacked country against aggressor. Similar agreements were made by Germany with Poland and Czechoslovakia. And Germany agreed to enter the League of Nations, on the understanding that foreign troops would be withdrawn immediately from German soil.

This means in the first place that peace has at last been established between the late billigerents of Europe. The German Chancellor, Herr Luther, in his impressive speech in the Reichstag, November 23, made this clear when he said:

> "France, Belgium, Italy, and Great Britain formerly proposed a united front opposed to Germany. Now all five nations constitute a common community, bound by treaty which is founded on complete equality. Thus a security pact aimed against Germany, which was under serious consideration by these other four powers last year, definitely has been disposed of."

In the second place, by these treaties France has obtained the "security," which was promised by the representatives of the United States and Great Britain at Versailles—a promise which was not redeemed. There is, therefore, no longer any necessity for the maintenance of ruinous military organizations in France. Disarmament can be considered in the new light of peace and good will that has burst upon Europe in hopeful hope-inspiring effulgence.

Further, these treaties have proved that the League of Nations is a force for peace in the world. For the Locarno treaties are in the last instance an amplification of the covenant of the League. The League may, perhaps, be a "dead issue" as far as some of the statesmen of the world can see. But it lives, and grows in importance, and may yet prove an important paragraph in God's own preface to

the history of the Millennial reign of the Prince of Peace on earth—his own earth.

Finally, those treaties signalize the beginning of something new in international politics. The world has had alliances and ententes, ostensibly entered into for the maintenance of peace but by means of armies and navies, guns and bayonets, devastation and murder. Such alliances have always ended in war and the enslavement of nations under the oppression of despotisms; wherefore the great father of our Republic, in his Farewell Address warned the people against entering into "permanent alliances" (not "entangling") with one country against another. For he knew that such military alliances always would spell disaster. At Locarno, alliances, or associations of nations were formed for the maintenance of peace by means—not of war—but of laws, just laws, and impartial courts. This is new, at least in modern history. If the Locarno treaties are upheld and widened, so as to embrace all the civilized world, the time is not far away, when we can rid the world of the curse of military conscription, which became a necessary evil under the blood-and-iron rule of the last century, and turn our attention to production instead of destruction. So hopeful of great results are some of the clear-seeing watchmen in Europe, that Maximilan Harden, on October 17, 1925, quoted Goethe's words: "A new epoch of history begins here today, and you can say you saw its birth;" and then he adds: "The treaties framed there (at Locarno), may become the framework of an economic United States of Europe."

Yes, who knows?

At present it is instructive to note how the cause of peace has grown the last few years, nothwithstanding opposition.

In 1907, at the Hague, the idea of an international court was met by solid antagonism. In 1919, at Versailles, the different paragraphs in the pact of the League of Nations had to be worded so carefully that the governments which were not yet converted, could by a little juristry evade the covenant entered into. In 1920, not one of the greater powers was willing to submit unconditionally to the decision of an international court. In 1922, it appeared that paragraph 16 in the pact of the League was a dead letter. In 1923, 18 countries accepted the proposition on mutual assistance. In 1924, at Geneva, 47 countries, through their representatives, expressed themselves in favor of the Protocol that provided for mutual defense against aggressors, and France among other countries ratified that wonderful instrument for peace. In 1925, the Protocol, though set aside by Great Britain, was resurrected on a somewhat limited scale, and it has now made it possible for the world to disarm and to keep peace on the basis of law and court proceedings.

Whence this great and sudden turn in the international politics in Europe?

It is the work of the Lord. Jesus, the Prince of Peace, lives and rules with inscrutable wisdom and unlimited power.

The final victory is sure.

It may be well to record here the names of those who affixed their names to the treaties in London, in the foreign office, December 1, 1925. They were: Great Britain, Austen Chamberlain and Stanley Baldwin; Germany, Chancellor Luther and Gustav Stresemann; Belgium, Emile Vandervelde; France, Aristide Briand; Italy, Victorio Schialoia; Poland, Count Skrzynske; Czechoslovakia, Eduard Benes.

Only the nations signatory to the Locarno pact attended the signing, but Alanson B. Houghton, United States ambassador to Germany, it was thought, might appropriately have had a seat beside Lord d'Abernon, as they had greatly influenced the German government in the negotiations which made possible the adoption of the Dawes plan, the first real step toward peace between Germany and France.

There was an empty chair for Russia, and M. Briand expressed the hope that Russia might soon decide to enter the League of Nations and speed Europe in the restoration of moral economic and political conditions.

Be Game

There may be some who think that life is wrong
When old Misfortune comes across their way,
For whom the sunlight comes not with the dawn,
Who's skies become dense, black, or common gray.

But such is not the lesson life would teach
To him who would observe, while time rocks on,
That he can just a little higher reach
And find the things that tend to make him strong.

That bird, though trapped and prisoned in a cage,
Can stand right up and feel disposed to sing,
Instead of cursing fate in sullen rage,
Doth teach us all to bear misfortune's sting.

Thus, when a funeral march is played
And the funeral bells have chimed,
They can pay no greater tribute
Than to say—"He never whined."

So friend, if you don't measure
In riches great, or fame,
You can show the world a treasure
By simply being game.

Salt Lake City CHARLES D. GOLD

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Work in the Southwest Washington Conference

Karl W. Devenport of Tacoma, Washington, president: the information of the work comes from Ralph B. Stratford, secretary of the Northwestern States mission: "During the summer, much country work has been done by four of the elders, covering Puyallup Valley and several of the small islands in Puget Sound. The elders went in pairs and traveled without purse or scrip, and were received cordially and entertained by the people. Elders Larsen and Ericksen have conducted the work in Grays Harbor county and have now two Sunday Schools in operation, one recently organized at Carlisle. Washington. The efforts of Sister Lavoun Walton and Ila Eliason during the entire summer have been commendable in placing Books of Mormon. Our aim has been to familiarize ourselves with the principles and doctrines of the gospel in order to intelligently teach them to others. We conduct a priesthood class for all the missionaries in Tacoma every morning from eight to nine o'clock. We have made a careful study of the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, and are now using the Book of Mormon as a text. On Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, we hold a three hour class devoted to practice in public speaking, reviewing scripture, singing, and attempting to solve the problems which confront the missionary. We have occasionally talks on such subjects as conduct, etiquette, and the best means of approach in delivering our message.

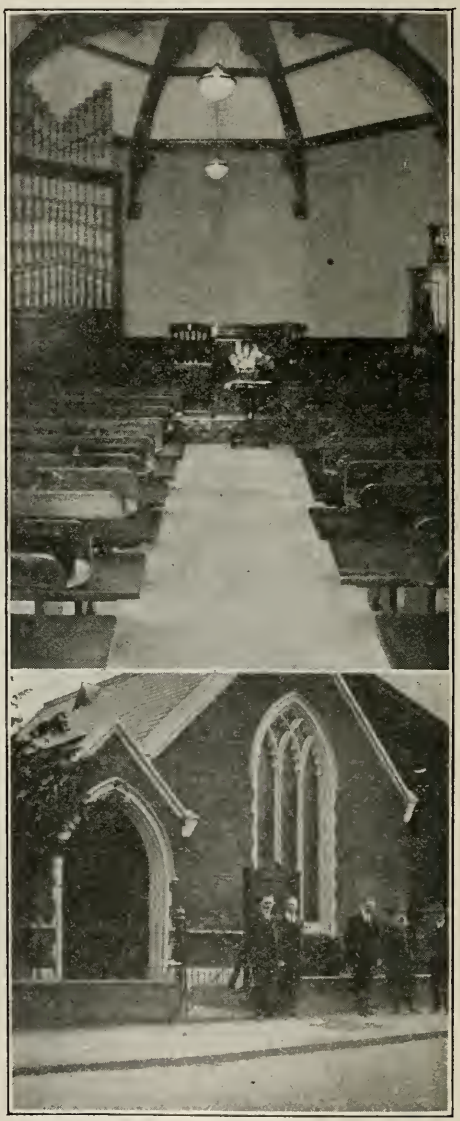
ELDERS OF N. W. STATES MISSION

Top row: H. McArthur, J. N. Larsen. R. J. Brewer, E. D. Ericksen, T. H. Oldroyd. Center: S. H. McKee. R. B. Stratford, Mission Secretary; B. S. Young, Mission President; K. Davenport, Conference President; K. F. Allen. Bottom row: LaVoun Walton, Ila Eliason.

New Chapel in England

Recently a chapel has been purchased at Norwich, England. On the 18th of October, last, the members of the Church residing there, realized their long cherished hope when the dedication of the beautiful chapel was made under direction of President James E. Talmage. "The service was very impressive and the building was filled with members and their friends. During the service, President Ralph C. Jones expressed his gratitude for the occasion, and Elder Ben. E. Summers gave a short history of the chapel and commented on the effort put forth acquiring and preparing it for use. Sacred solos were rendered by Sister Violet Shepherd and Elder Walter F. Whitehead, and Elder Raymond Murphy rendered selections on the violin. President Talmage, in the dedicatory sermon, spoke on 'The Significance of Consecration and Dedication.' He showed by scriptural illustrations that in the past God has set apart for his service, certain material things, places, times and persons, and designated them as holy. In the dedicatory prayer, President Talmage invoked the Divine blessing upon the house, its contents and surroundings, as a place dedicated to the worship of God, and supplicated its acceptance and preservation for this sacred purpose.

"The chapel had previously been used by the Swedenborgians as a place of worship. The traveling elders, together with the local members, have worked incessantly for the beautifying of the place until it has been completely renovated, both inside and out; and standing in one of the best residential districts, it is truly a structure to be proud of. It is after the Gothic style of architecture and is made of red brick and sandstone.



THE NORWICH CHAPEL, INSIDE AND OUT

It is provided with splendid class rooms. In the main chapel at the side of the rostrum, stands a beautiful pipe organ. The electrical system supplies both light and heat for the entire building. In the largest class room, is a new baptismal font lined with white tiling, which is provided with warm and cold water. On the day of the opening, it was used to baptize five converts.

"The new chapel has been the means of greatly increasing the attendance at all the meetings; and, with the continuity of the faithful work of the missionaries and local members, a bright and successful future is inevitable. We all enjoy reading the *Era* and look forward to each number."—*Walter F. Whitehead*, conference clerk.

ELDERS IN NORWICH CONFERENCE

Missionaries, left to right, top row: Ben. E. Summers, George O. Gee. Center: Dean A. Barker, Raymond Murphy, Harold L. White, William J. Attrige, Walter F. Whitehead, conference clerk; Rulon L. Russon, Maurice R. Barnes, and Clifford D. Grough. Bottom: Junius S. Romney, Liverpool Office; May Booth Talmage, president Mission Relief Societies; James E. Talmage, president European Mission; Ralph C. Jones, released, conference president; Leland N. Wight, incoming conference president; Z. Vernon Derrick, Liverpool Office.

A Branch in the Duchy of Luxembourg

Elder Alonzo P. Kesler, conference clerk, Liege, Belgium, reports that the elders are happy and grateful that the French Mission is growing in territory and number: "We have four nations as our field of activities, France, Switzerland, Belgium, and recently a branch was opened up in Luxembourg, the capital city of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. We have only fifteen missionaries in the Belgium conference, but have branches in three of the above named countries. Recently we received more missionaries and feel prayerfully confident in the success of preaching the gospel to the French speaking people. Although the French are warm-hearted and sympathetic, they cannot be approached as in some other missions. Their trust and friendship must first be secured and then the gospel message can be announced. When an understanding and an appreciation of the gospel is

received, feverent devotion and sacrifice are manifest, and the faithfulness of the members, is a testimony to all of us. We receive much encouragement an inspiration from the *Era,* and to it we extend our "bonjour" and the hand of brotherhood to all the Lord's people throughout the world."

Missionaries in the Belgian conference: Front row, left to right: Alonzo P. Kesler, conference secretary, Salt Lake City: Joseph P. Anderson, released, conference president, Ogden; Sister Alice P. Anderson, C. Vernon Coggle, conference president, Salt Lake City; Alexander Lambert, Josephine Lambert, released, Hooper, Utah; Wayne W. Huish, Salt Lake City; S. Smith Stevens, Salt Lake City. Second row: Alon Fife, Logan; Walton K. Hall, Salt Lake City; Stanley C. Nelson, Provo; Leonard A. Robbins, Salt Lake City; Virgil E. Petersen, Huntsville; Joel H. Bowen, Salt Lake City; George T. Lynch, Salt Lake City; Verl E. Roberts, Rupert, Idaho.

Church and Other Activities in South Africa

Elder H. L. Baker, conference clerk, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, reports the semi-annual conference of that branch, held on October 3-4, with President J. Wyley Sessions in attendance. The Sunday School convened at 7:30, Sunday morning, October 4, and gave demonstrations of their work, including stories from the Old Testament, told by members of the lower classes. At 12:15, general conference was held where the business of the conference was presented and the officers sustained and reports given. At the evening session, the little mission hall was filled to capacity. President Miles P. Romney addressed the people on, "Authorities and Powers of the Priesthood." President Sessions spoke on, "Excuses for Disobedience." Though thirteen thousand miles away from the general conference, we felt that we were blessed with the same great spirit that characterizes that conference gathering. A concert was held on Friday, October 9, by the Mutual Improvement Association. During the past two months, two of the elders have been laboring in Uitenhage, a small town some twenty-one miles from Port Elizabeth. Here, Miles P. Romney had the privilege of playing football with the "Swifts," a prominent athletic club of this district. By joining this team, he made many friends and allayed much prejudice, and

also has been given many opportunities to explain our message. After the final game and prior to President Romney leaving, the team presenting him with a book of Lowell's Poems, suitably inscribed with sentiments expressing the high esteem with which they regarded him. Our work in Uitenhage culminated in a meeting held in the town hall, at which an address was delivered by President Sessions on "Why Mormonism?" to an appreciative audience. President Romney and Elder H. L. Crane left October 12 for a six hundred mile journey on bicycles, tracting the territory between Port Elizabeth and East London. Each issue of the *Era* is enjoyed. It is a source of strength to us to read of the progress in Zion and the success of our brethren in the different mission fields.

PRESIDENT SESSIONS AND ELDERS, SOUTH AFRICA

Elders left to right: H. Lorden Baker, Salt Lake City: C. Alden Gray, Provo; H. Lowell Crane, Pocatello. Bottom row: Miles P. Romney, conference president, Salt Lake City; James Wyley Sessions, Mission President, Pocatello; Reuben H. M. Dix Peck, Port Elizabeth branch president.

Honolulu Choir Presents Stevens' "Hosanna"

Secretary F. J. Russell of the Hawaiian Mission, reports that for the first time in five years, the mission semi-annual conference was held at Laie instead of at Honolulu. The attendance was slightly smaller than at the latter place, but the general enthusiasm made the conference a grand success. There were thirty speakers and six sessions. Mission President, Eugene J. Neff, presided. His keynote for the speakers who followed, was the strength and beauty of clean living. The Laie choir, under the direction and leadership of Poi Kekauoha, rendered some anthems in a real musical style. The Honolulu choir, led by Mrs. K. Fieldgrov, furnished the musical program for Sunday morning and evening. Evan Steven's oratorio, "Hosanna," in which the audience joined in full strength, singing, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," was given. There were twenty-five temple workers and mission workers present. President William M. Waddoups and a committee housed and entertained the visiting throngs in a very fine way that left nothing to be desired.

Elders Visited by Friends of U. S. Battleship

President E. L. Butler, Apia, Samoa, writes through his secretary, M. G. Wagstaff, under date of October 20, 1925: "For perhaps the first time in history, the personnel of the Samoan Mission met in Pago Pago with the elders of the American Samoan. President and Sister E. L. Butler paid them a visit. We left Apia. August 29, aboard the *Lady Roberts,* and arrived at our destination, Pago Pago, the following morning. In the harbor and extending out into the Pacific, lay part of America's fleet, stopping over on their way to Hawaii from Australia. Active demonstrations by the fleet were given during the three day's stay in the islands. Sea-planes soared over Tutuila. At night powerful searchlights played around the bay, flashing signals from ship to ship, and hundreds of sailors thronged the streets of the small naval station. J. M. Barnes of Kaysville and N. H. Lyons of Ogden, Ensign aboard the *U. S. S. California,* visited us at the mission home. We were mutually delighted at this meeting, since some of our elders were former school-mates of these officers. We visited the *U. S. S. California* as their guests and were familiarized with life aboard this, one of America's largest ships. We had a novel experience in viewing a moving picture show while sitting aboard the battleship. Every day during the stay of the fleet in Pago Pago, we were visited at the mission home by men and officers of the Navy, many of them Latter-day Saints, and some having filled missions for our Church. They expressed great happiness at meeting people from home. Before separating to return to our respective conferences, we held a spirited elders' meeting. President and Sister E. L. Butler and the Savaii conference president, M. G. Wagstaff, remained in Tutilla for two weeks, and attended a very successful conference in Mapusaga on the 19th and 20th of September. The *Era* is a big aid to us in our work. We wish you continued success."—*M. G. Wagstaff.*

Great Success in Hamburg

Elder Leslie R. Matheson of the Hamburg conference, Germany, reports great success, joy and satisfaction attending their labors in that conference. A conference session was held there on August 29-31, inclusive, at which, leading mission presidents, including President James E. Talmage, Hugh J. Cannon of the Swiss-German Mission, and many others were present at a most successful conference, and perhaps the largest and best ever held in Hamburg. During the meetings, President Cannon expressed his delight and joy in being again assembled with the Saints of Hamburg, where he labored in 1891, and often visited as mission president, in 1902-3. The Sunday School held a very interesting session, outstanding features being the characterization of a number of the prophets and a presentation of a history of the Book of Mormon. The interest was augmented by selections from a large children's choir, and gospel messages were delivered to the children by President Tadje and by President and Sister Talmage and Sister Hyde. The Hamburg Relief Society responded with refreshments for the visiting Saints and friends and President Talmage delivered a powerful discourse on "Freedom" which was interpreted by Elder Wunderlich. A large choir added to the spirit of the meeting. A special meeting of the Relief Society was held and the oratorio, "The Vision," by Evan Stephens, was rendered at the evening meeting by the Hamburg choir under the direction of Elder LeRoy Winter. There were hundreds of investigators present. A missionary meeting was held on Monday and addressed by the visiting brethren. The conference was brought to a close by a presentation of the oratorio, "The Martyrs" by Stevens, by the combined adult and children's choirs with an explanation of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, by Elder Wunderlich. The total attendance was estimated at three thousand.

MISSIONARIES OF HAMBURG CONFERENCE

Missionaries, left to right, first row: President Dorius, Cologne conference; President McKay, Hannover conference; Jean Wunderlich, Editor of the German *Stern;* Sister Talmage, President James E. Talmage of the European mission; Pres. Hugh J. Cannon of the Swiss-German mission; Sister Cannon and baby; President Charles H. Hyde of the Netherlands mission; Sister Hyde; John Talmage. Second row: Matheson; Neumeyer, Jenkins, Einzinger, Gardner, President Bower of the Hamburg Conference; Watkins, Winter, Beesley, Jordan and Poulter. Third row: Crandall, Bollschweiler; Walquist, Hatch, Brown, Engel, Miskin, Cutler, Moore, Huber, E. Jex Capener. Fourth row: Stephens (visiting brother from Ogden, Utah), Barker, Taylor, Christensen, Nibley, Nielsen, Monson, Squires, Anderson, Chamberlain, J. Ray Capener. President Tadje of the German-Austrian mission was absent.

Pomerene Chapel Dedicated

The missionaries of the Arizona conference reported at a recent semi-annual conference that they had met with kindly treatment and had made many friends in their work, who were anxious to hear concerning the restoration of the gospel. Many successful open-air and cottage meetings were held in every district where the missionaries have been located. Elders T. A. Christensen and A. D. Bushnell spent three months of the summer in Pleasant Valley, which forms the setting for several of Zane Grey's novels. This valley lies in the Snowflake stake territory and the work was performed under the supervision of the stake missionary organization. Horses were furnished for the elders to ride from one ranch to the other, and they found that the people who were residents, were very hospitable. Cottage meetings were held in almost every home, and the missionaries were asked to take charge of a Union Sunday School which had been established in their midst. Within two months. they were rewarded for their work by four of the most respectable residents of the valley asking for baptism. This made it possible to install a "Mormon" course of study in the Sunday School and to place in charge people who held the authority to officiate. Since then, five other people have been baptized and the Sunday School has grown steadily and is a wonderful power for good in that community. During the conference, the Pomerene chapel was dedicated by President Joseph W.

McMurrin. This building has been erected by the members of the Pomerene Branch during the past eighteen months and cost in the neighborhood of $30,000. There are twelve organized branches in this conference, eight of them meet in substantial buildings owned by the Church.

MISSIONARIES OF THE ARIZONA CONFERENCE

Missionaries, back row, left to right: Herman A. Bjork, R. Claude Boyce, Alonzo D. Bushnell, Rosaline Dansie, Marvin E. Dansie. Center row: Noel A. Fuller, Los Angeles conference; Melvin D. Cornwall, Dorothy J. Cox, Ilda LeCheminant, Alvin E. Miller. Front row: Leo J. Huskinson, Lewis E. Row, superintendent Mission Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A.; Reed S. Gardner, mission secretary; Raeburn E. Richloff, conference president; Laura I. Astle, corresponding secretary; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Moselle Michaelson, President Mission Y. L. M. I. A. and Primaries; Margaret K. Miller, President Mission Relief Societies; Theodore A. Christensen, Var O. Buchanan.—*R E. Bischoff.*

Twenty-three Baptisms

Elder Justin E. Erickson of the Southern Indiana conference, reports forty-six baptisms since the first of the year and that the meetings of the elders have been very successful and many investigating the gospel. "Visits have been made to the conference by Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian, and Elder Stephen L. Richards of the Council of Twelve. Their presence and kind instructions were highly appreciated by us. During the time from June to November, we had twenty-three baptisms; four hundred cottage meetings and two hundred thirty-six open air meetings were held. Four hundred and forty-one Books of Mormon were sold; sixteen hundred and forty-three were loaned; three thousand eight hundred and sixty-three other books, including a wide distribution of pamphlets and tracts. We

appreciate the *Era* as a helpful guide in preaching the gospel to our investigators and friends.

ELDERS OF THE SOUTHERN INDIANA CONFERENCE

Elders, left to right, front row: Dean A. Anderson, Pleasant Grove; Andrew R. Somerville, Moab; Justin E. Erickson, conference president, Richmond; Stephen L. Richards of the Council of Twelve; John H. Taylor, mission president; Phillip C. Jessee, Springville; John L. Isaacsen, Garland. Second row: Alvin B. Rigby, Rexburg, Idaho; Rolla M. Rich, Paris, Idaho; Vada S. Newby, Monroe; Leora Cook, Afton, Wyoming; Alice Morgan, Driggs, Idaho; Alzada Wilmott, Springville; Melba Merrill, Pima, Arizona; Ernest C. Hanks, Salem. Back row: George T. Talley, Thatcher, Arizona; R. Clifford Albrechtsen, Emery; Gladys Millar, Shelley, Idaho; Joseph L. Jorgensen, Salt Lake City, Lloyd A. Davis, Blackfoot, Idaho.

New Chapel Dedicated in Australia

Elder Leon A. Robins, writing from Enmore, Sydney, Australia, reports the dedication of the new chapel at which the following elders attended. The work of the Lord is progressing in the Tasmanian conference, both temporally and spiritually. The new chapel just completed cost $10,000, with a seating capacity of 170, with a dwelling at the rear of the Church for the elders. The Saints testified to the help of the Lord in obtaining their part of the money for the building of the house. The elders spent the greater part of their time for nearly four months on the Church, yet, notwithstanding, the spiritual part of the work was not neglected. There were twenty-one baptisms in the last year.

THE HOME

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1925-26

LESSON X—PURCHASING FOR THE HOME

I. The Lecture.

Purchasing for the home requires serious thought, when the end to be attained is one of comfort, harmony, simplicity and refinement. It requires the exercise of that rare good judgment in making selection of home equipment and furniture which will show that everything has been taken into consideration.

It is *tragic* to spend money for wrong furnishings, and to be tied to them after one realizes that he has made a mistake in their selection. Furnishings are not bought for a day or a season, but for years, and often a lifetime.

The only good furniture is that which is both beautiful and useful.

In choosing furniture consider its use. If one has no use for a certain piece, it should not be bought, even if decorative. The size of the house and uses of rooms should determine what furniture is suitable, also the needs of inmates of the house should be considered. All articles in daily use must be fitted for their purpose.

The true test of comfort in any house, lies in its power of tempting one to enter and work and rest. There is no influence so potent upon life as harmonious surroundings, and it is everyone's privilege, even though it may be simple and inexpensive. In fact, lack of funds often prompts careful consideration before purchases are made, and avoids the mistake of too great haste in the choosing of furnishings.

There is no excuse for ugly furniture now. There are so many beautiful things that can be copied easily. Exclude ugly, clumsy furniture and meaningless ornaments from every room. Happily, the day of grotesque furniture in design and ornamentation is passed, as well as the green carpets profusely decorated with garlands of pink roses.

"Good taste furnishes a house for peasants to live in."

Good lines, simplicity of construction, and appropriateness, make for beauty. Learn to recognize good furniture when you see it, both in the matter of construction and material, and also in line and contour.

Buy fewer pieces and spread the buying over a longer time. Good materials, gracefulness, and thorough workmanship are qualities to be sought for in the cottage as well as the mansion.

Nothing should be chosen which is not the best of its kind at the price paid for it. Get the maximum of attractive comfort for the price you can afford to pay.

In purchasing for the seemingly more important rooms—living room, dining room, bed rooms, etc., the kitchen should not be overlooked. This should be included in the whole scheme, and much artistic taste as well as practical judgment can be displayed in the equipping of this very important room. Kitchen furniture does not have to be grand or elegant, but it can be colorful and restful, and old pieces discarded from other rooms may be painted appropriately for use in the kitchen.

Purchasing for the home should be one of the most painstaking of pursuits, and there is nothing more fascinating in its promise of future enjoyment. It is a bit of creative art.

"Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."—*William Morris.* If we would all follow this advice how restful our homes would be.

Qualities to be sought for in the cottage as well as the mansion:

II. Thought Exchange.

1. Superfluity. Over-crowding.

b. Physical comfort.

2. Substantiality.
   a. Appearance.
   b. Handsome exterior should not blind one to cheap construction.
3. Appropriateness.
   a. Its use to man.
   b. Its use to the particular house in which it is to be.
   c. Its own construction.
   d. Its relation to the many needs of household life.
4. Individuality.

Things to be avoided in purchasing home equipment:

1. Superfluity.
   Over-crowding.
2. Buying all furniture at one time.
   a. Should go slow with purchase. (Needs are not fully known until house has been lived in.)
   b. Leave some things to be "saved up for."

III. Problems Suggested.

1. What do you consider the important factors in the equipping of a home?
   What is meant by harmonious furnishings in the home?
   Is it advisable to completely furnish a home at first?
   What about "fads" in furniture?
   Discuss suitable household equipment.
   How can "drudgery" be eliminated from housekeeping?
   Does it require the expenditure of a large amount of money to furnish a house in good taste?
   Discuss the value of getting expert advice.
   Discuss danger of being bilked by the adroitness of a salesman.
2. Problems by members of the class.

IV. Social Period.

1. Material suggested. Roll call; answer with a short sentiment from each member.
2. Best humorous story or joke by a man; best humorous story or joke by a woman, on home.

V. Announcements and Assignments.
Song: "Our Mountain Home So Dear."
Benediction.

LESSON XI—THE HOME AND THE COMMUNITY CHEST

I. The Lecture.

Every home should recognize in making its budget that its obligations do not end with the care of its own members but include also a sharing with others in improving the home conditions of those in distress or in less fortunate circumstances than themselves. The sharing by the home in philanthropic activities is not only desirable in that, by relieving improper conditions, the environment surrounding the home is improved, but also in that such activity is necessary for the development of the higher virtues of sympathy, co-operation, and consciousness of community responsibility in the members of the family.

Social work, or the effort of society to prevent and alleviate conditions of social distress and improve the social structure has been passing through a process of rapid change and development during the past few years. Charity is no longer conceived of as the giving of alms but rather the effort scientifically to discover the causes of unsocial conditions and so far as possible to aid the unfortunate in regaining the status of a self supporting member of society, and thus obviate the necessity of further help. Charity is today, therefore, less and less a matter of giving and more and more a matter of personal service by trained workers; less and less a distribution of coal, groceries and clothing and more and more the securing of appropriate employ-

ment, proper medical attention, homes for the homeless and the rendering of other forms of helpful service.

In former years in our own communities especially, such types of service were performed by volunteer workers through the church organizations almost exclusively. With the growing complexities of city life, however, there have grown up, in all urban communities to fill the social needs a great number of social service organizations employing paid workers who are trained in the new profession of social work. Our own Church is realizing the desirability and necessity of special training for this class of service and is as rapidly as possible training groups of social service workers through the Relief Society Organization.

One of the greatest problems of the social service agencies is their financing. This has been usually accomplished through private contributions obtained by solicitation and so called "drives." The method is far from satisfactory. The agencies are engaged in a constant competition each with the others for securing the public contribution. This is an expensive proposition for the public in that from 15 to 40% of the time, energy and funds of each agency are consumed in the process of collection. In addition the contributing public is constantly subjected to the annoyance of solicitors and drives for funds. These considerations are the underlying causes behind the rapidly growing movement for "Community Chests."

The community chest is an organization set up by the social agencies of a community whereby they combine their solicitations for funds into a united effort, a single drive, "once for all" each year. The proceeds of the drive are allotted to each participating agency by a central authority on the basis of budgets submitted by the agencies and checked by the central authority. The community chest idea is a direct outgrowth of the "war chests" created during the world war when the people of cities and towns pooled their contributions for war time philanthropies into a single fund out of which all calls for aid were met. How well the plan of financing is adapted to peace time social work is indicated by the spread of the community chest plan throughout the United States since the war. On May 31st, 1925, there were accorded to the American Association for Community Organization, 206 cities in the United States representing 22% of the population of the United States where local charitable work is financed by means of a community chest and of the "urban population," i. e., people living in cities of over 30,000 population 66% are in community chest cities. In addition 61 towns of less than 30,000 population are so served. The experience of cities with community chests demonstrates that more money is collected for philanthropic work under that plan than under the old competitive plan. Not only are individual contributions larger but a larger proportion of the population give. The public is relieved of constant solicitation for funds for charity and the time and energy of the boards of various philanthropies are released from problems of finance so that better social work results to the community. In addition there necessarily results a closer co-operation of the social agencies, a better understanding of the needs of the community in social service, a resulting elimination of duplication of work by agencies and organization of new service to meet needs that are not being cared for. Finally and perhaps most important of all the community chest is an active factor in developing a community consciousness: based on the idea that the community as a whole rather than any group whether public, private, fraternal, religious or otherwise is responsible for the care of social misfortune, it fosters and perpetuates a community point of view and habit of community action in the treatment of social problems which is a valuable asset to the community in all its activities.

The formation of a community chest in a Latter-day Saint Community gives rise to problems which require the greatest care in solving. Should church organizations and institutions under church control join such federations? To do so means a radical change in many respects in existing

methods of relief work. To refuse to join may mean either that the church membership is deprived of the opportunity of sharing in community work for social distress and so failing to share in and develop a community consciousness in this work or as is more likely the case that the church membership is bearing a double burden by contributing to the community chest and at the same time supporting the church agencies which are caring for cases of social distress arising among church members. An intelligent understanding and discussion of the problem will go far toward its solution.

II. Thought Exchange.

1. Problems Suggested.
   1. How does your community take care of the following cases: the unemployed; the widowed mother; the child born out of wedlock; the delinquent; other cases of need?
   2. How many agencies are there in your community doing social service work? Are their workers paid? Are their workers specially trained?
   3. How is social service work financed in your community? What proportion of the homes contribute to it?
   4. Should Church organization, such as the Relief Society, doing social service work, join community chests where they are established?
   5. To what extent is our Church a splendid example of making institutional provision for our charity distribution?
2. Problems Suggested by Members of the Class.

III. Social Period.

IV. Announcements and Assignments.

Lesson XII, provided by the class, a home and acquaintance program.

Lesson XII—New Home Acquaintances, and an "At Home" program. This is an opportunity for the class leader and the class to provide a program to their own liking.

Fremont Stake Fathers and Sons' Outing

A camp site was chosen for this three-day outing amid the pines in beautiful South Leigh's Canyon, twelve miles east of Tetonia and fifty-two miles from Rexburg. A large spring near camp, ice-cold water and a large open space, provided for the comfort and afforded room for playing games. Three days last summer were occupied in the outing. Camp arrangements and a great bonfire occupied the first evening with a program under the direction of Bishop Henry Ricks of Teton among the activities. The camp was named "Watts" in honor of J. A. Watts, chairman of the outing. The next day the company, led by Milton Mangum, spent the day in a hike up the canyon eastward, reaching Bald Point, about eight miles from camp, at an estimated elevation of 9,000 feet. Just east, the mighty Tetons lifted their craggy peaks to a height of 13,000 feet, the deep chasms separating the hikers from the Teton range. In this natural reservoir, great banks of snow fed the head of a stream flowing into Jackson's Hole. Luncheon was enjoyed on Bald Point, from which location a score of small mountain lakes could be counted within a mile. Returning to camp, another program around the camp fire was enjoyed, the feature being a talk by Mr. Haines of the Sugar-Salem High school on formations observed during the trip. On the evening of Friday, the third day, the company met at the flag pole, sang and were dismissed by benediction pronounced by William E. Gee. Then the trip home leading through the beautiful and fertile Teton valley with its broad wheat fields of the Canyon Creek dry farm county, back to the settlements,—Newdale, Teton, Sugar City, Rexburg, and Hibbard, in the heart of the great upper Snake River valley with its bounteous crops of grain, sugar beets, potatoes, peas and alfalfa. The whole of the trip was delightful, the fathers and sons obtaining a thrill of inspiration to be remembered through life.—*J. A. Watts.*

Editors' Table

Greetings from the First Presidency

From the Christmas *Deseret News*, 1925.

As Christmas-Tide approaches our minds revert to that never to be forgotten night when shepherds who were watching their flocks on the hills of Judea were startled as the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and the angel of the Lord stood before them, and said:

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Savior which is Christ, the Lord.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

It was a night which was distinct from all other nights which had come and gone since the creation of the earth.

The birth of Christ our Lord was more than an incident, it was an epoch in the history of the world to which prophets had looked forward, of which poets had sung, and in which angels joined their voices with mortals in praise to God. It was the day decreed and foreordained by our Father who is in heaven when He would manifest himself to his children who are here upon earth, in the person of his Only Begotten Son.

Whether or not the 25th day of December is the proper date of the birth of Christ, our Lord, matters little, we join with other Christian people in celebrating it as such, and if we observe it in the true spirit of the Master, renewing the covenants which we have made that we are willing to take upon us his name, and keep the commandments which he has given, our offering will be accepted.

He came that man might see and know God as he is, for he bore witness that whoever had seen him had seen the Father, for he was the express image of his person.

He came to teach us the character of God, and by example and precept pointed out the path which, if we walk in it, will lead us back into his presence. He came to break the bands of death with which man was bound, and made possible the resurrection, by which the grave is robbed of its victory, and death of its sting.

After his crucifixion and the death of the apostles whom he had chosen, who suffered martyrdom, at the hands of those who were opposed to the truths which He taught, it appeared that his mission and ministry had been a failure, but as time passed, and the doctrines of Christianity became better understood, thoughtful men turned to him as their source of light and strength, thus preserving faith in

his mission and ministry, with the result that Christianity became the dominant influence in the civilizaton and development of the world.

As time passed dissensions occurred in the primitive church. The laws governing the church established by the Redeemer, were transgressed, the ordinances were changed, the everlasting covenant was broken. Men began to teach for doctrine their own commandments; a form of worship had been established which was called Christianity, but was without the power of God which characterized the primitive church. Spiritual darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people.

Then there came another epochal period in the history of the world. The time had arrived, foreordained by the Lord, and foretold by his prophets when another gospel dispensation was to be ushered in, when the Gospel of the Kingdom was to be restored, and preached in all the world, as a witness unto all people before the end shall come.

Again the heavens rejoiced, again heavenly beings communicated the will of the Father to his children who are here upon earth, and men were made glad as the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times was ushered in.

Joseph Smith was the agent through whom the Lord saw fit to begin the great Latter-day Work. To him the Father and Son appeared in heavenly vision, upon him the keys of the Everlasting Priesthood were conferred, with authority to transmit them to others, with the promise that the Priesthood should never be taken from the earth again, until the purposes of the Father were accomplished.

Under his direction the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized on the 6th day of April, 1830, and the command given to its members to bear the Gospel message to all people, calling them to repentance and faith in Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh, with the promise that whosoever should repent and obey would know, by the gift of the Holy Ghost, that the message which they brought was true.

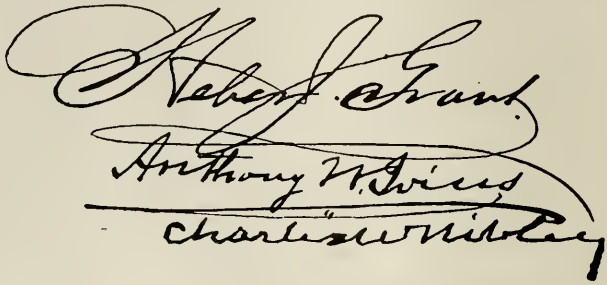
As a result of this message many thousands of people have been gathered out from the various nations where the Gospel has been preached and brought to Zion, the place designated by the Lord as the gathering place of Latter-day Israel. The desert has been made glad because of them, and has been converted into fruitful fields. Springs of living water have broken out to moisten the thirsty land, and cities have sprung up where before was only desolation and wilderness. Music and the voices of children are heard in the streets where silence had reigned supreme.

It is the Lord our God, through his Only Begotten Son, who has done it. To him be the praise and glory forever.

We exhort our brethren and sisters of the Church, wherever they may be, to remain steadfast in their faith. Hold fast to the word of the Lord, which is the iron rod that will lead us to the Tree of Life.

To the people of the world we appeal to come unto Christ,

through whom redemption cometh to all those who take upon them his name, and keep the commandments which he has given. We bear witness that the fulness of his gospel has been restored, that his Church is established, and will continue to spread until peace shall prevail among men, and his kingdom come and his will be done upon earth as it is done in heaven. O Lord, hasten that glorious day.



New Year's Greeting

To the young people of the Church, and to all the readers of the *Improvement Era,* we send our heartfelt greeting, wishing you A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The year just past has been full of commendable activities in the M. I. A. Among them stands out the great jubilee program. It was the greatest gathering of the youth of the Saints, a signal honor to the organization and a credit to the Church. Our hearts are filled with gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord in the knowledge that we have today 100,000 young men and women laboring with commendable energy and seal for their own improvement and for the advancement of our Father's work.

We trust that the impetus given to the cause by the labors of the past will be felt in the Improvement Associations this year and for years to come, and that it will encourage many to prepare for greater works in the Priesthood, and in all the essential activities that characterize progressive and faithful Latter-day Saints.

Surely our young people will continue to sustain the cause by individually living their religion as Latter-day Saints, really keeping the commandments which the Lord has given for our spiritual and temporal welfare, and for our physical and intellectual well being.

We pray that the youth of Zion and all the members of the Church at home and abroad may be so guided by the Spirit of the Lord that men, seeing their good works, may glorify our Father in heaven.

Through the divine mercy and love of our Redeemer, we have been taught the proper course of conduct in the great message revealed to us in the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Let us live to it, so we shall be certain to realize in the coming months the rich

temporal and spiritual blessings of a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Sincerely your brethren and fellow laborers,

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

A Few Words on Curbing and Constraint

The importance of parents and teachers giving their children a right and early start in religious training is sometimes overlooked. There is no occasion to mince this matter of showing children, boys and girls, in their young years, which way to go, even to the extent of curbing them that they may go certain distances on the desirable road.

Of course, in this matter of restraint, we realize that we arouse the antagonism of most teachers. We declare, however, that it is better to show the children the road, even to compel them to go a way on it, and then to trust them, than to leave them to select the road themselves, because children lack experience in the important judgments of life that the teacher and the parent should know and point out to them.

Naturally children object to being compelled to do anything these days; hence, in many instances, both in the family and in the school, they are having their own way, and it is the general opinion of parents and teachers that this latitude should be given the children, and their resulting conduct condoned. Here is an opinion of William Frederick Biglow, editor of *Good Housekeeping*, as expressed concerning strictness and latitude given to children compared with former times: "Nothing has occurred in this present century," he says in substance, "to prove that the parental discipline of the last was too strict, or, except an occasional family teaching, any too puritanical. The boy who twenty years ago was compelled to observe the Sabbath day is a better man than twenty years from now the boy will be who today is spending his Sundays away from home, golfing, fishing, joy-riding, or loafing on the street corners." Young people are not competent to choose what they shall do with respect to that which will affect their whole lives. They ought to begin with the best experiences of their parents. Boys and girls do not know what is best for them, even at the age of eighteen; hence, their elders owe it to them to prescribe what they ought to do, the way they ought to do it, and to start them in the right direction.

The freedom now given to children is very strangely largely confined to the moral and religious side of life. One never would think of starting boys and girls in business with a free, go-as-you-please hand, so to speak, as they are now permitted to start and often encouraged to go in the religious life. An army of teachers are engaged in impressing the youth of the land with the importance of the right

kind of knowledge in a business sense, and it is well that it is so, because there is very little chance for youths in this age of the world without a thorough intellectual education. But while this direction and instruction is going on in the business world, and in the intellectual and literary world, who, let it be asked, is filling their souls? People consider, rather, that the soul needs no filling, only the body and the intellect needs it.

From good authority it is learned that over twenty-five million youths are being educated in the United States today without any religious training; they are growing up as pagans. They know little or nothing about the significance of the mission of Christ, and his message. They have not read the gospels. Luckily, in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, we have organizations that teach religion, and which are established especially for the young people. Much interest and attention is given to this teaching, which is as it should be; but still, there is room for great improvement. And over and above it all, the home must assert itself with authority and discipline in the government and religious training of the youth of the land, if we are to remain a Christian nation. Boys and girls must be taught to pray, to read their Bible, to attend church, and to submit to wise direction. This is the teaching that will result in a completely rounded-out man or woman. A knowledge of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, which is life eternal, must be a part of the child's education. Without religion, not all the wealth or the intellectual development that we can get will save the young people from going wrong. They must be brought up to fear God, and this work must be done in early life; the way must be shown to them, and they must be earnestly required to walk in it a certain distance, until it shall become a habit with them. They are not competent to make their own selection, as far as religious doctrine, and principle, and teaching is concerned. It must be pointed out to them by the home, and supplemented by the Church organizations, because it cannot be obtained in the schools.

Faith in God is the life of all education. A very apt illustration calls attention to the fact that an automobile manufacturer does not leave the spark plugs out of his car on the theory that those who may want spark plugs will get them for themselves elsewhere; he puts them in and makes the job complete. Those who are teachers in the religious world are convinced that a boy will not function normally without religion in his life. We are inconsistent, therefore, in going right ahead, educating the boys without the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, expecting them to get the vital "spark" of religion elsewhere.—A.

Training the Lesser Priesthood

We are delighted to call attention to an article in this number of the *Era* on how to teach a class in the Lesser Priesthood; and by-the-bye,

this teaching, in this particular division of our Church work, is very important. We have at least fifty thousand deacons, teachers and priests, in the Church, and it is asked: Who are they, and what of their training? A statement is made calling attention to the necessity of intense religious instruction in early days for this great body of young men. A thorough study of the four gospels, so becoming familiar with the life of Christ, is a good start. The Lesser Priesthood constitutes the first grades in the Priesthood, where they are to be given their start in the direction in which they will go the rest of their lives. If the deacon and the teacher and the priest be given the right sort of training, it follows, as the night the day, that the elder and the seventy and the high priest may be trusted to look after themselves; and, for that matter, the boys of the lesser quorums also, where they should be found as teachers.

If we expect to rear faithful Latter-day Saints, people who will take upon themselves responsibilities of the government of the Church and the establishment of the principles of the gospel in the earth, under the direction of the Lord, they must be trained early in these points; hence, the importance of the proper kind of teachings, of the proper kind of teachers, in these priesthood quorums, which quorums supplement, perhaps to a greater extent than any other organization in the Church, the teachings that should be given in the home. These children must be fed the bread of life. Their souls cannot get along empty as well as when full, any more than their bodies can; hence the importance of this emphatic religious training at this age, and the pointing out of the right way in early days to the children. In order to be sure that they may continue in that path, they should even be led, and perhaps compelled, to go on it a way, and then they should be trusted.—A.

Books

The Book of Life, issued by John Rudin and Company, Inc., 2313 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill., is issued in eight volumes, nicely and attractively bound. It is not a story about the Bible, but is King James Version of the Bible in a story form and is practically the Bible itself from Genesis to Revelation in the unexcelled English of King James version. While retaining the actual Bible text in chronological order, *The Book of Life* weaves into scriptural pages the back-ground with great dramatic effect. It makes one feel that he is treading the very soil on which the Lord Jesus did many good works. For parents, teachers, and Bible students, and especially for young people, it presents an original and systematic plan of religious education. It contains wonderful illustrations from the art galleries of Europe with color photographic reproductions of many of the old masters. Perusing these volumes makes the Bible nearer and dearer, and more real to every reader. There is a great need of encouraging Bible reading at present and *The Book of Life* seems especially prepared to fill that need.

Priesthood Quorums

How to Teach a Class in the Lesser Priesthood

Prepared for the Presiding Bishopric by John Henry Evans and P. Joseph Jensen

I—WHO ARE THEY?

Fifty thousand deacons, teachers and priests in the Church! An army of boys and young men of which any organization has reason to be very proud!

Who are they?

Sons of men and women who are already converted to the gospel. Boys, therefore, whom it should be easier to train than if both they and their parents were living in unconverted homes.

Who are they?

Young timber in the green, and growing, that can be bent this way or that—if only we have the skill. Such as God has often chosen to do his special work, because pliable—as witness Samuel, David, Ezekiel, Nephi, Joseph Smith.

Who are they?

The elders, seventies, and high priests of the future, not to speak of bishops, presidents of stakes, and apostles—on whom will rest the stupendous task of directing the preaching of the gospel to the world and of conserving the faith of the converts at home.

And what of their training?

The battle is all before them, not behind. They must have the best armor and equipment that money can buy. And they must have the best training that devoted service and efficiency can give.

How much is one of them worth? As much as a convert in England or Germany, or Holland, or one of our American commonwealths, who costs about two thousand dollars for his conversion. You figure that out for yourself.

These boys are entitled to the best teachers—the most skilled, the best trained, the most enthusiastic, the most enriched by experience and vision.

And why?

Because, as Professor John Dewey has pointed out in the public school system of education, they constitute the first grades in the priesthood, *are to be given their start in the direction in which they will go the rest of their lives. For if the deacon and the teacher and the priest be given the right sort of training, the elder and the seventy and the high priest may be trusted to look after themselves.*

Since the work of training these members of the lesser priesthood is done chiefly in the classes, it has been thought advisable to suggest here a few of the principles that should guide in the conduct of a recitation in the quorums of the Aaronic priesthood.

II—LESSON ASSIGNMENT

First, great care must be exercised in the assignment of the "next lesson."

Very often it used to be the case that the teacher would say, "Take the next lesson!" or "The next seven pages!" They used to do that in schools and colleges. But only the poorer teachers do that now anywhere. The best teachers know better. They understand the immense value and opportunity of the assignment.

It is as if one should say, "Son, go and run that automobile!" when Son had never done so before. Only, we have better sense than to do that, because we are dealing with a physical object that costs money, and we would be out of pocket, and perhaps out of boy, too, if the boy tried to run the car.

Well, the brain is a machine, only vastly more delicate. That is, it works in certain ways. To be sure, there are no levers to operate, no cogs to fit together, no gears to shift. But it works in certain ways, all the same.

The assignment should do two things.

One thing it should do is to arouse interest in the "next lesson." Have you ever heard some one talk about a book, and you have afterwards gone and bought it or borrowed it from the public library? There's your cue. Try that on the boys.

Of course, you will have to read that "next lesson" yourself first, to know how to do it, just as the person who aroused your interest in the book had read it beforehand. Of course, too, you will have to know what a boy's point of view would be, what his natural interests are. For your point of view, and your natural interests, are different from his. And, of course, also, the understanding all along must be that your chief aim here is to get all the boys to prepare all the lessons.

Having aroused the interest of the boys in the lesson that is to follow, your next task in the assignment is to make it clear just what it is you want them to do. Be specific, definite. Do you wish them to read the lesson once or twice? How do you want them to study it? Is there any particular point you want them to look for in their study of it, and if so, what? And so on. Make it clear exactly what you expect of the class, and then see that you get that.

Here, then, are the two things you are to keep in mind in the assignment: *Rouse the interest of the boys in the next lesson, and make it perfectly clear what you want them to do and how to do it.*

III—SOCIALIZE THE RECITATION

Secondly, conduct a socialized recitation. What is a socialized recitation?

It is not a recitation where the teacher does all the talking, nor even the principal part of the talking. That is a lecture, not a recitation. It is what is known as chair teaching. Avoid it as you would poison. For it sets the boys against class work, especially class work in religion.

It is *not* a recitation where a few bright members of the class, or a few who like to talk, occupy the time. That is a show-room, not a class-room or a recitation. Avoid that, too, if you can.

Also it is *not* a recitation where pupils are quizzed as to whether they remember the parts they have read. That, of course, may be done. But the recitation should not degenerate into a mere memory exercise on the part of the class.

The socialized recitation is one, on the contrary, in which *all* the members take an active part, not because they are expected to, but rather because they are interested, because they want to do so, because they have something to contribute.

One way there is to bring on such a recitation. That is to keep all the goings-on of the class on a level with the experiences of the boys. It is the easiest thing in the world to put the discussion above the heads of the class, to keep it outside the range of their experience. Then it becomes uninteresting to them. Just as a lecture on the technique of music, or engineering, or farming would bore you, if you are not a musician, an engineer, or a farmer. Keep the discussion within the experience-range of the boys, and you will have no trouble in getting and retaining their interest and inducing them to take part in the recitation.

As an example, take the discussion, of, say, the Sabbath day. You will have to be an entertaining lecturer indeed if you can talk to twelve dea-

cons, or twenty-four teachers, or a body of priests for half an hour on this subject and hold their attention. You might do so more easily if you ask questions on topics on which the class has prepared beforehand. That is, if you want to test memory. But suppose you throw out the question, "Is it right to play baseball on Sunday?" Immediately you have a response from *every* boy. Why? Because you have touched a matter close to his heart, within his experience. Of course, such a question should be used merely to arouse interest. It should then go on to the discussions of the principles underlying the observance of Sunday.

A socialized recitation is one which produces thought, many thoughts from many angles. Each boy must be made to feel that he can contribute something to the discussion, and that he wants to do so. And it would be well to help the boys so to contribute. Often, among older men, one person will say exactly the same thing that another member has just said. If any one has something to say, he should say it, if it has not already been said. What any class needs is light. Let every one wish therefore to contribute a ray for himself.

That is the socialized recitation.

IV—THE APPLICATION

Finally, there is the matter of the application of the points of the recitation. The recitation, we have said, must be such as will have induced a general participation in the discussion. But that is not enough. The discussion must be directed towards a point, the diversified rays of light must focus on a given spot. That is to say, the members of the class must rise from the discussion of the subject in hand with a definite thought in mind. This is what was in the mind of the teacher before the recitation began, before even the assignment was made. The purpose of the recitation has been, and its reward, that this thought, aim, or purpose has been transferred hot from the brain and heart of the instructor to the brains and the hearts of the class, through the socialized recitation.

But it must not lie there. It must be converted into action, into deeds. Snow, up there on the mountain tops, would be of no avail if it did not melt and run down into the creeks and be piped into our houses or run out on our farms. So, too, with ideas and thoughts. They are useless in themselves. They must be transformed into things done. Unembodied ideas are worse than useless, as a matter of fact, because they clog our lives, make us more culpable if we don't do them, tend to fix on us the habit of not doing. Action is always the end of thought. If, says Professor William James in effect, I do not give up my seat to a lady in the street car, I thereby begin a habit which it will be hard to break after a while—the habit of not making my conduct correspond to my thinking.

And so the teacher's work is only half done when he gives the class an idea. a thought, a purpose, through the recitation. He should see to it, if he can, that this idea shall express itself somehow in the lives of the boys. Often a suggestion will be enough to accomplish this end. But generally some specific assignment will be found necessary. Habits must be formed in the young men. That is, they must be led to do a given thing till it becomes second nature, as we say, till it is transferred into the class of actions that do not need any attention because they occur without our thinking about them.

There is no sounder pedagogical principle in this respect than James' oft-quoted sentence:

> "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

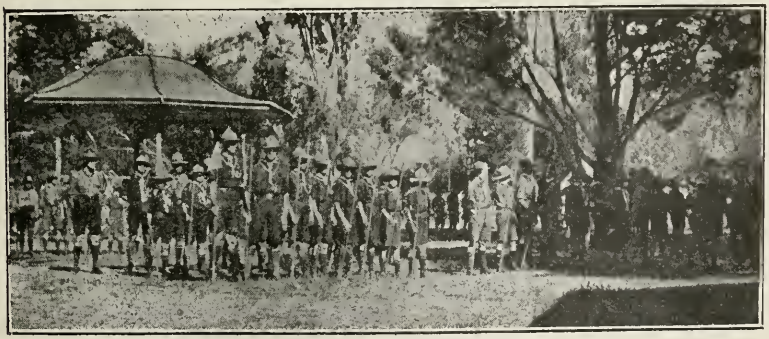
Mutual Work

The Origin of Scouting

Mafeking, a town situated on the extreme northern boundary of Cape Province, South Africa, and on the edge of the great African "Karoo," (Kalahani Desert), may properly be termed the cradle of the boy scout movement. It was during the South African Boer War (October, 1899, to June, 1902), while Mafeking was being besieged by the Dutch, that Lieutenant General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell's chief staff officer, Major Lord Edward Cecil, organized the boys of Mafeking as a corps for general utility on scout lines, instead of having them serve as cadets, and the experiment was a complete success. This experience taught Sir Baden-Powell that if the training was made to appeal to the boys, they would learn rapidly, and furthermore it was ascertained that the boys were capable of taking responsibilities upon themselves to a far greater degree than was ordinarily believed, up to that time, if only they were trusted. Consequently, the boys were equipped with bicycles and were used extensively in delivering messages to the British troops who were scattered throughout the surrounding country. The older boys were also used in the ambulance service and the younger ones were placed at various points to direct the incoming troops to their sleeping and eating quarters.

Showing a King Scout, same as our Eagle Scout, at Bloemfontein, South Africa.

Seeing the initiative and self confidence which these experiences developed in the boys in South Africa, Sir Baden-Powell, on his return to England in 1903, found that a teachers' training school had adopted *Aids for Scouting,* as a text book for character-training. The years 1904-1905 were spent in gathering ideas for scouting as a training for boys, and in 1907, Sir Baden-Powell established a training camp for scout training at Brown sea Island, England, and its success was so marked that he was prompted to go on with the idea and so, that same year, he organized in London what might be called a



Taken at Victoria Park, Bloemfontein, South Africa; 225 scouts were present at the Jamboree, Sept. 26 to Oct. 3, 1925.

"Boy's Club." His purpose and chief desire in forming this organization was to teach and instill in the boys the principle of trustworthiness, loyalty and bravery.

The boy scouts were first organized and later, after his marriage, he brought into existence another organization, which became known as "Cubs," for boys between the ages of 7 and 10, his wife, Lady Baden-Powell, acting as cub mistress. Subsequently he published a book entitled *Scouting for Boys* which became very popular and is used even today, as a text book or guide for the scouts of England and also of her colonies throughout the world.

The boys under Baden-Powell quickly spread his teachings and during the 18 years which have elapsed since the first troop of boy scouts was organized, nearly two million boys have enlisted in this wonderful movement.

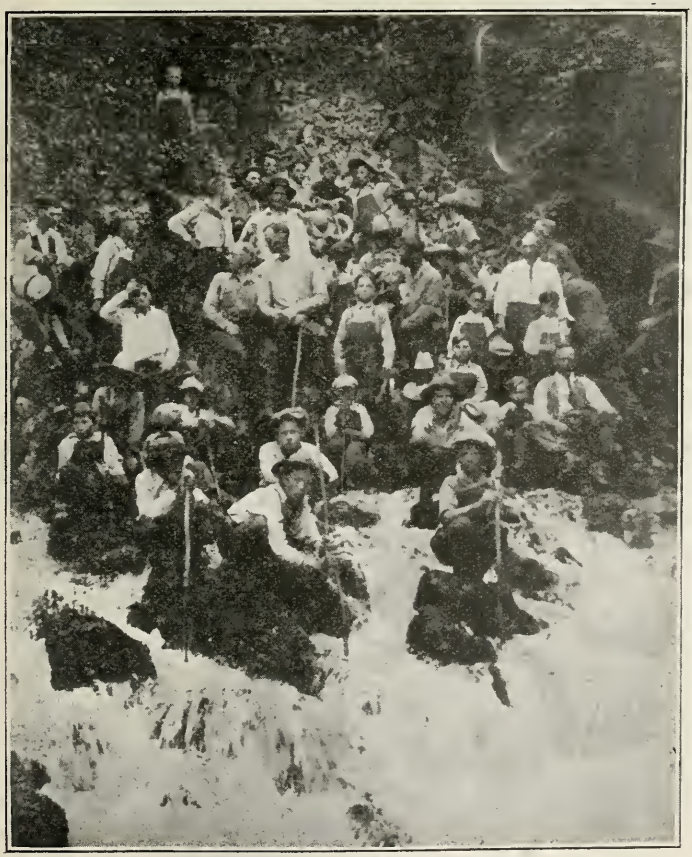
As the boys grew older, Sir Baden-Powell found that he would probably encounter trouble in his endeavors to keep them interested in scouting and so he organized "The Rovers" for boys who had reached the age of 16 or over. Boys admitted as "Cubs" at the age of 7, became "Scouts" at the age of 12, and "Rovers" at the age of 16. In British South Africa, however, "Cubs" and "Rovers" are not included, since boys in that province are admitted as scouts, at the age of 12, on passing the tenderfoot test.—*Leo Rulon Jensen,* Kimberley, South Africa.

Draper Ward Jubilee

Draper ward, Salt Lake county, felt the pulse of the great June Jubilee of the M. I. A., and was perhaps the first, or, at least among the first, that held a ward Jubilee This association is only a few months younger than the original organization of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Salt Lake City. A committee was organized, the records were searched for the past fifty years, and the officers who had served during that time in either organization, were invited to be present on December 1, 1925, which was fifty years since the association was organized, and the Jubilee was held on that date. As the people gathered, they were met by a reception committee, and each person received a carnation, a white one for the older members, and a pink one for the workers of the past twenty-five years. The honored guests were seated in the choir seats: eighty-seven were present, only seven being unable to attend. Many came long distances to be present. The house was crowded with 370 people in attendance. The following program was carried out: "True to the Faith," song; prayer, Soren M. Rasmussen, president of the Jordan stake; "Joy to the world, the Lord Will Come," a hymn, sung by a group of young women, daughters and granddaughters of the first members of the M. I. A., this song was also sung at the opening of the organization fifty years ago; Alto F. Andrus gave a history of the Y. L. M. I. A. for the past fifty years; May Hubbard rendered a vocal solo and Bishop M. B. Andrus gave a history of the Y. M. M. I. A. for the past forty-eight years. One of the "M" Men gave a piano solo. The audience repeated the 1925-26 slogan; two readings and a vocal duet followed. Julia F. Stewart, the oldest original member of the Draper Mutual, who was President of the Retrenchment Association made a few happy remarks, highly appreciated. She and her husband came from Logan to attend the Jubilee. Joseph M. Smith, one of the oldest members of the Y. M. M. I. A., bore a strong testimony as to the value of the organization; J. Z. Stewart of Logan, an early resident of Draper, expressed his delight at being present. The final speaker was Sister Katie C. Jensen of the Y. L. M. I. A. General Board, who bore a strong testimony coming from the heart. "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning" was sung by the congregation and the benediction was pronounced by Sister Emily C. Adams of the Y. L. M. I. A. General Board. Following the program, refreshments and dancing were enjoyed. The occasion was a great success and its influence will undoubtedly be a stimulus to the future activities of the organization.—*Bennett Bailey.*

Franklin and Oneida Stakes Fathers and Sons' Outing

The Franklin and Oneida stakes held their annual Fathers and Sons' Outing in July last. They selected Willow Flat as a camp, a place surrounded by large mountains on either side and where the Cub river, clear and beautiful, springs out from the bottom of a large clift of rock. This river is formed by two streams which have such a similar beginning and flow down a beautiful and winding canyon. A committee looked after all parts of the work as outlined. The three days were spent at the camp. A bonfire was built and a Court of Honor held, the latter being one of the main features, for that night; badges were awarded to scouts of high rank. Scout songs were sung and interesting stories told, after which the company, ranging in age from 74 to 2 years, retired, being lulled to sleep by the music of the stream and the forest. After the morning setting up exercises, and the clearing of the breakfast dishes, the company assembled for a hike the second day, in different directions, the highest peaks of the mountain tops being the goals. On returning to camp, reports of the hikes were made. Games were played and after supper, another large campfire, at which a splendid program was enjoyed by all. On the third day, preparations for the return home were made in order and care, an outstanding feature of our entire outing. All the company seemed glad and satisfied.—*E. A. Jensen,* Preston, Idaho.



ORIGIN OF CUB RIVER, IDAHO

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, November, 1925

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	14	117	91	172	.....	290	670	104	69	100	.....	184	457
Beaver	309	5	4	33	66	38	.....	76	213	31	52	33	.....	59	175
Benson	562	13	10	92	109	110	37	115	463	58	56	60	16	68	258
Box Elder	638	13	.....	91	202	99	73	196	661	72	113	47	18	185	435
Carbon	590	10	4	36	39	33	.....	70	178	25	27	16	.....	38	106
Cottonwood	718	10	10	95	104	210	.....	259	668	74	62	140	175	.....	451
Deseret	471	12	12	110	181	154	17	143	605	69	84	79	11	82	325
Emery	525	9	8	65	50	141	.....	240	496	53	33	102	.....	156	344
Ensign	962	8	8	79	126	215	90	237	747	72	69	135	66	166	508
Garfield	277	8	2	16	21	28	.....	24	89	13	9	12	.....	27	61
Granite	1000	9	9	100	100	218	105	227	750	89	62	155	82	180	568
Grant	1232	14	7	72	71	154	42	188	527	63	50	101	29	143	386
Gunnison	288	7	7	48	57	74	14	54	247	37	39	45	8	32	161
Jordan	1011	16	11	110	128	141	.....	211	590	92	87	87	.....	136	402
Juab	339	5	5	44	82	84	.....	112	322	36	66	42	.....	76	220
Kanab	228	6	5	46	42	30	.....	48	166	34	26	25	.....	44	129
Liberty	1350	12	.....	124	192	298	201	304	1119	109	141	231	144	260	885
Logan	615	11	7	73	63	112	.....	178	426	56	37	65	.....	111	269
Millard	344	8	6	48	71	50	12	86	267	37	50	31	6	64	188
North Davis	450	6	4	37	41	50	10	47	185	35	32	29	8	29	133
North Sanpete	736	10	8	65	63	133	28	198	487	53	26	90	18	153	340
North Sevier	270	6	4	34	41	33	18	42	168	29	28	25	15	33	130
North Weber	742	17	15	124	142	226	.....	283	775	95	73	116	.....	173	457
Oquirrh	462	5	5	53	60	83	19	125	340	46	27	50	15	95	233
Panguitch	261	6	5	40	67	55	49	102	313	30	49	53	50	64	246
Parowan	491	8	7	48	100	87	36	110	381	38	57	57	10	60	222
Pioneer	776	10	9	67	57	103	72	108	407	53	37	77	47	79	293
St. George	682	15	11	98	195	99	.....	139	531	62	108	108	83	106	467
Salt Lake	1073	13	13	131	161	145	45	274	756	104	88	106	32	212	542
San Juan	182	4	4	34	49	54	24	71	232	26	42	33	16	50	167
Sevier	360	6	6	48	56	54	.....	120	278	38	40	40	.....	100	218
South Sanpete	480	7	5	32	.....	73	.....	96	201	26	.....	44	.....	60	130
South Sevier	304	8	4	28	19	34	.....	41	122	22	15	24	.....	31	92
Tintic	179	5	4	31	43	20	7	78	235	19	28	10	2	44	103
Tooele	398	10	9	62	75	75	12	114	338	46	46	36	6	90	224
Wayne	160	6	4	26	21	31	5	43	126	15	7	11	3	25	61
Weber	667	8	8	78	76	88	.....	197	439	499	60	49	.....	131	289
Bannock	242	8	7	64	79	60	.....	55	258	50	47	45	.....	41	181
Bear Lake	363	11	11	80	80	97	9	116	382	57	53	60	7	67	244
Blackfoot	514	12	6	45	73	49	6	57	230	38	53	27	5	47	170
Boise	364	8	3	25	18	20	.....	31	94	22	16	15	.....	25	78
Cassia	111	6	5	37	47	9	23	39	155	28	38	4	16	21	107
Curlew	124	10	3	23	40	28	.....	23	114	16	13	17	.....	19	65
Franklin	420	11	9	69	95	30	.....	98	292	56	56	26	.....	59	197
Fremont	687	14	11	99	166	34	71	139	609	71	102	80	38	100	391
Idaho	203	11	7	50	74	35	.....	31	190	36	40	14	.....	19	109
Lost River	136	4	2	13	19	16	.....	22	70	10	10	11	.....	10	41
Montpelier	367	13	12	66	76	64	40	89	335	52	43	54	7	73	229
Oneida	354	11	9	74	81	60	.....	121	336	47	47	29	.....	93	216
Pocatello	524	10	9	82	100	113	46	158	499	59	57	56	42	105	329
Raft River	160	9	4	27	37	18	.....	25	107	17	22	9	.....	15	63
Rigby	538	13	9	72	79	72	20	69	312	51	44	35	13	37	130
Shelley	335	9	3	30	45	10	24	24	133	21	23	5	14	16	79
Teton	300	8	3	28	24	29	20	.....	101	18	21	19	14	.....	72

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Twin Falls	220	6	5	39	83	36	----	54	212	34	43	27	----	37	141
Yellowstone	396	10	6	48	79	53	----	73	253	38	55	31	----	52	176
Jaurez	115	5	5	30	78	20	11	70	209	26	37	14	11	50	138
Alberta	302	11	11	92	120	140	----	176	528	64	79	77	150	----	370
Lethbridge	223	9	7	59	61	65	23	48	256	37	37	33	13	38	158
Maricopa	402	8	8	74	126	101	27	128	456	58	82	72	18	90	320
St. Joseph	370	15	12	90	107	112	23	141	473	74	74	71	14	105	338
Snowflake	290	10	6	36	92	27	39	62	256	28	50	17	19	42	156
Star Valley	359	11	11	101	68	109	27	95	400	73	59	83	22	66	303
Taylor	327	6	6	77	78	101	34	68	358	57	55	59	20	35	226
Woodruff	435	9	7	60	100	77	14	83	334	45	65	29	13	49	201
Young	45	4	4	25	26	47	24	6	128	16	8	28	15	5	72
N. W. States	276	20	15	65	130	37	19	15	266	53	98	30	15	9	205

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, November, 1925

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	6	4	8	9	8	9	10	6	9	9	78
Beaver	8	10	10	7	7	10	6	8	10	10	86
Benson	8	6	7	5	6	7	7	5	5	5	61
Box Elder	10	10	7	7	2	9	8	5	10	10	78
Carbon	3	6	4	2	1	10	6	----	10	4	46
Cottonwood	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	8	9	94
Deseret	10	5	8	10	4	10	9	10	5	10	81
Emery	9	10	9	8	9	9	8	5	10	6	82
Ensign	7	7	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	84
Garfield	3	10	10	6	----	10	10	4	10	8	71
Granite	8	10	10	10	10	10	7	4	10	10	89
Grant	4	10	5	4	4	5	5	2	5	5	49
Gunnison	9	7	9	3	9	9	6	5	9	7	73
Jordan	6	10	7	5	5	7	6	4	7	7	64
Juab	9	10	10	6	8	10	9	7	10	8	87
Kanab	7	10	10	10	7	10	7	5	10	10	86
Liberty	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	96
Logan	8	6	10	10	8	10	10	3	10	8	83
Millard	8	10	10	5	5	10	6	5	7	8	74
North Davis	4	10	10	10	10	10	10	6	10	10	90
North Sanpete	6	10	8	8	8	8	7	4	6	8	73
North Sevier	6	10	8	7	7	10	6	5	10	3	72
North Weber	10	9	9	8	6	8	8	10	10	8	86
Oquirrh	7	7	10	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	89
Panguitch	10	10	8	3	----	7	7	5	10	10	70
Parowan	7	7	8	8	6	9	2	6	6	4	63
Pioneer	5	10	9	7	7	9	5	4	8	8	72
St. George	8	10	10	10	10	10	6	5	----	10	79
Salt Lake	7	10	10	10	10	10	7	9	10	10	93
San Juan	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	10	7	10	94
Sevier	8	10	10	9	10	10	7	10	10	10	94

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
South Sanpete	4	10	10	10	7	10	10	2	10	10	83
South Sevier	4	10	10	7	3	10	6	1	7	8	64
Tintic	7	7	10	8	5	10	8	4	10	10	79
Tooele	9	10	8	4	3	9	7	8	5	7	70
Wayne	8	5	5	----	----	8	2	2	5	5	40
Weber	7	7	10	7	9	10	4	5	10	10	79
Bannock	10	10	10	----	----	10	10	5	10	10	75
Bear Lake	10	10	9	5	3	9	9	6	8	9	78
Blackfoot	4	10	9	5	5	10	5	7	10	8	73
Boise	2	10	2	2	2	4	2	2	2	2	30
Cassia	10	10	10	4	4	10	10	7	8	10	83
Curlew	9	6	10	----	2	10	3	9	5	8	57
Franklin	6	10	8	10	5	10	10	6	10	10	85
Fremont	8	6	7	10	7	8	7	5	8	8	74
Idaho	9	6	10	4	8	10	5	7	10	10	79
Lost River	5	6	5	3	2	2	5	1	5	3	37
Montpelier	8	10	7	5	4	7	6	5	6	6	64
Oneida	9	7	10	10	7	10	9	8	9	9	88
Pocatello	9	7	9	6	8	9	5	8	9	8	78
Raft River	7	9	7	----	3	7	10	7	8	7	65
Rigby	6	6	9	8	8	9	7	5	10	9	77
Shelley	4	6	3	1	3	3	2	3	3	3	31
Teton	3	10	3	----	3	7	10	5	10	5	56
Twin Falls	10	10	8	5	6	8	6	4	7	8	72
Yellowstone	6	10	10	3	7	10	10	9	10	10	85
Juarez	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	90
Alberta	10	10	9	7	8	9	9	9	9	9	89
Lethbridge	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	94
Maricopa	10	10	10	6	9	10	10	9	10	10	94
St. Joseph	10	10	10	6	3	10	9	8	10	10	86
Snowflake	9	6	10	10	2	10	6	6	4	8	71
Star Valley	10	10	8	5	6	10	7	6	7	9	78
Taylor	10	6	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	95
Woodruff	8	6	10	8	7	9	5	7	4	9	73
Young	10	6	10	3	5	10	3	3	10	10	70
N. W. States	9	10	9	2	4	10	6	5	7	7	69

Note: Liberty leads with 96 points; Taylor follows with 95; then come Cottonwood, San Juan, Lethbridge, and Maricopa closely up with 94 each. Sixty-seven reported though nine were very late. Only 27 were silent. Why? Speed up the report for December, by January 10. Thanks.

The Brigham Young University announces its Fifth Annual Leadership Week, to convene at Provo on January 25, to last for one week. Sixteen short courses supporting the central theme, Better Teaching of Religion, will be given. These courses follow: Religious education, methods of teaching religion, psychology for parents, story telling and reading for children, scouting, art as an aid to better teaching, pageantry, music, play production, recreation, health and home sanitation, genealogy and temple work, home problems, training for parenthood, farmers' conference, and social welfare. Anyone may attend, and it is free.

Passing Events

A Catholic day of thanksgiving was proclaimed, November 19, 1925. by the pope, to be observed throughout the world, as an expression of gratitude for the success of the pope's year of jubilee.

The eighty-seventh anniversary of the birth of the late President Joseph F. Smith was observed, November 13, by the members of the Smith family association and others. by a special Temple session and ordinance work for the relatives of the Prophet Joseph Smith. A children's party was held in the Bishop's building November 14.

The new premier of France is Aristide Briand, who has been at the head of the French government before. He succeeded on November 27 to form a cabinet. after several unsuccessful attempts. Mr. Loucheur, reported to be the wealthiest man in France, was selected for the position of finance minister.

The Locarno treaties were ratified by the British House of Commons, November 19, 1925, with overwhelming majority. Mr. Chamberlain, who received almost an ovation. explained that he did not hope that the treaties would make war impossible, but he did claim it would make it difficult for any European power to begin a war of aggression.

The Italian war debt to the United States, being $2,042,000,000, is, according to an agreement between the debt commissioners in Washington, November 12, 1925, to be paid in 62 years, in annual installments of from $5,000,000 to $80,000,000. Interest charges graduate from ⅛ of one per cent, beginning at the end of five years, to 8 per cent the last seven years.

An important ruling by the International Court of Justice at the Hague was given November 27, 1925, to the effect that the decision of the Council of the League of Nations regarding the dispute between Great Britain and Turkey over the Mosul question should be binding upon both parties. The Turkish council of ministers under Mustapha Kemal Pasha has decided to refuse compulsory arbitration by the League Council on this question.

The mummy of Tutankhamen was uncovered, November 13, 1925. It was covered with gold. On the breast were two gold scarabs, and on the head was a large gold crown. Gold-hilted swords and gold-handled knives were among the articles found. The dispatches say that the human-shaped coffin incasing the mummy, and the exquisite workmanship of the ornaments found inside the solid gold case surpass in value anything ever uncovered by archaelogists. Experts believe that Tutankhamen was only about 15 years old at the time of his death.

The German Reichstag ratified the Locarno treaties, November 27, 1925, with a decided majority. Germany will now become a member of the League of Nations, and the probability is that a European disarmament conference will be called as soon as practicable. By a rising vote the Reichstag adopted a motion submitted by the three middle parties whereby the government is requested to use every effort in the time intervening between now and Germany's formal admission to the League to obtain from the allies a greater measure of alleviation in the Rhineland, and other concessions than already granted.

An oil well has come into existence near Moab, Grand Co., Utah. It is situated in the Colorado River, seven miles by airline from Moab. The nearest railroad station is Thompson, on the D. & R. G. "Blowing-in" of

the well at a depth of 2,028 feet at 6:15, Dec. 7, in the morning while the crew was at breakfast, and the subsequent development of a flow estimated to be at least 350 barrels of oil daily, and 3,000,000 cubic feet of gas gave an entirely new aspect on the outlook for the oil industry in Utah. Salt Lake men concede that the strike is likely to be one of the most important events in the history of the development of Utah's resources.

The Sixty-ninth congress convened December 7, 1925, and immediately settled down to business. Nicholas Longworth, congressman from Ohia, and son-in-law of the late President Roosevelt, was elected Speaker of the House. President Coolidge's message was read December 8, in the senate and house by the clerks. The president recommended tax reduction, strengthening of aviation, power to deal with labor disputes in the coal industry, co-operative marketing as an aid to agriculture, enforcement of the prohibition law, railroad consolidation, the sale of muscle shoals, and adherence to the world court. The president also expressed gratification over the acceptance of the Locarno security treaties, and said he would be willing for the Uniter States to take the lead in any further practical measures for the reduction of armaments.

The new Riverdale ward chapel and recreation hall, Weber stake, were dedicated by President Heber J. Grant Sunday, December 13, at a dedicatory service held in the beautiful chapel. There were 577 persons present. President Grant referred to the progress made by Church members through their sacrifices. Bishop Murray K. Jacobs, who presided, reported that the building had been erected in the short time of eighteen months; both members and non-members of the Church had aided in its building, and the biggest factor was the unity of the people, and the generosity of President Grant. The building cost $39,000. President Grant offered the dedicatory prayer at the conclusion of his address. The new building includes a chapel, recreation hall, bishop's office, and a number of class rooms, replacing the smaller building erected in 1900.

Earl Egbert Young of Logan has been appointed Rhodes scholar from Utah, as announced December 13 by the committee in charge. He won the honor in competition with nine other candidates. The scholarship is effective for three years, beginning in October of next year, and is good at any of the Oxford colleges. The selection was made after an all-day session of the committee held in the offices of Dr. George Thomas, president of the University of Utah. The following are others selected from Western states:

Arizona—Carleton B. Wicart, Tucson, Arizona, University of Arizona.
Idaho—Harold C. Wyman, Mead, Washington; University of Idaho.
Montana—Paul K. Hennessy, University of Virginia.
Nevada—John B. Ocheltree, San Francisco, California, University of Nevada.
New Mexico—Milton Q. Bahn, Philadelphia; University of Pennsylvania.
Wyoming—George T. Ross, Laramie, Wyoming; University of Wyoming.

Funeral services for Samuel Orson White, Beaver, were held in the East ward chapel, Sunday, November 22, 1925, conducted by Mark Woolley. The deceased was born in Nauvoo, Ill., December 17, 1844, the son of Samuel Dennis White and Mary Hannah Burton. He came to Utah with his parents in 1850, and settled in Beaver in 1859. At the age of 19, in 1864, Mr. White made a trip back to the Missouri river to get a grist mill, and herded cattle for the Church until fall while he awaited the delivery of the mill. During the winter of 1865-66 he hauled paper from California for the *Deseret News*, and in the spring made another trip for his father across the plains. On October 5, 1867, he married Mary Ellen Woodhouse in the endowment house at Salt Lake. From this union five daughters and six sons were born. The mother died in 1892. On June 23, 1894, Mr. White was made second counselor to Bishop George Munford, which position

he held until January 4, 1903. In November, 1895, he married Miss Elizabeth Gudgeon, and one son and four daughters were born from this union.

Dowager Queen Alexandra of Great Britain died at her home at Sandringham, England, November 20, 1925, of heart failure, 81 years old. She was born in Copenhagen, December 1, 1844, the daughter of King Christian IX, of Denmark, and was married to Edward, prince of Wales, March 10, 1863, who afterwards became King Edward VII. She adopted the title of Queen Mother when her son, George V, and Queen Mary ascended the throne. Queen Alexandra was related by blood or marriage to many European royal families. She was a sister of King George of Greece, who was assassinated in 1913; of King Frederick VIII of Denmark, and of the former Dowager Empress, Marie Dagmar of Russia. The Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, who, with his family, was killed by the Bolsheviki, was her nephew, as was also the former Emperor William of Germany, and King Haakon VII of Norway. Another nephew, by marriage, is King Alfonso VIII of Spain, husband of the former British Princess Ena of Battenberg, the daughter of King Edward's sister, Beatrice. Queen Alexandra's younger sister, Dagmar, was married to Alexander III of Russia three years after her own betrothal to the then Prince of Wales.

The Swedish-American line motorship "Gripsholm" arrived in New York, November 30, 1925, from Gothenburg, November 21, after a successful trip. She is the first large motorboat to cross the Atlantic, and it is thought probable that the voyage marks a new epoch in ocean navigation. She is propelled entirely by Diesel engines. Crude oil is used for combustion. Each engine drives a propeller, and the combined horsepower is about 22,000. The ship is equipped with all the luxuries of modern ocean travel.

Hinman D. Folsom passed away at 554 Sixth Ave., Salt Lake City, November 28, 1925, after several months' illness. He has lived in Canada the last 20 years, but returned to Salt Lake about six months ago. Mr Folsom was born in Keokuk, Iowa, and accompanied his father to Utah when he was 12 years of age. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Gertrude Linard Folsom, and the following children: Minnie, Hinman D., Jr., and Gertrude, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Frances Wallace, Mrs. Louise Brown, Eliza, Walter G., Henry G., William G., Mrs. Oliva Butler, Mrs. Mattie Asper, Mrs. Alice Miles, Rachael, Amy, Edgar, Elvy, Nellie, Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ruth Wantland.

The Boise Stake Tabernacle, Idaho, was dedicated Dec. 7, 1925, by President Heber J. Grant, in the presence of over 1,000 conference attendants. The building, which has been erected at the cost of about $91,000 is considered one of the finest Church edifices in the city and is situated but two blocks from the state capitol. It provides a large auditorium, has a commodious amusement hall, offices for the stake presidency, Relief society quarters and class rooms. It is constructed of art brick trimmed with sandstone and cement, and through an alteration of the original plans cost approximately $10,000 more than was at first estimated. Liberal contributions were made by stake members, and a number of donations were received from Boise business houses and banks not connected with the Church. Joseph Don Carlos Young was the architect. President Grant was accompanied to Boise by Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon, and both addressed the conference. Members of the stake presidency, the stake high council and some bishops of wards were also speakers. A financial report on the tabernacle was made by President Heber Q. Hale, who presided at both the morning and afternoon services. Special music for the dedication services was furnished by Mrs. Carmen B. Smith, Bessie G. Hale, a male quartet and the stake choir under the direction of Theodore Barraclough. An evening session was conducted under the auspices of the stake M. I. A.

Utah's largest concrete bridge, over the Bear river, at Corinne, was opened on November 11, 1925. Governor Dern and other state officials took part in the ceremony. One thousand persons gathered at the immense structure. The bridge, designed by the State Road Commission, is the joint effort of State and Federal engineers and designers: it is constructed of re-enforced concrete, and is of the girder type, the floor system and railing being prepared on three re-enforced concrete girders. Its total length is 267 feet, over all 330 feet, into five spans. The structure is carried on wood piles driven thirty-five to forty-five feet below the bed of the stream. The total cost will be between $57,000 and $58,000. Governor Dern and his party drove across the birdge and through the paper barrier which carried the legend, "Gateway to the Great Bear River Valley," and the road was opened to the traveling public.

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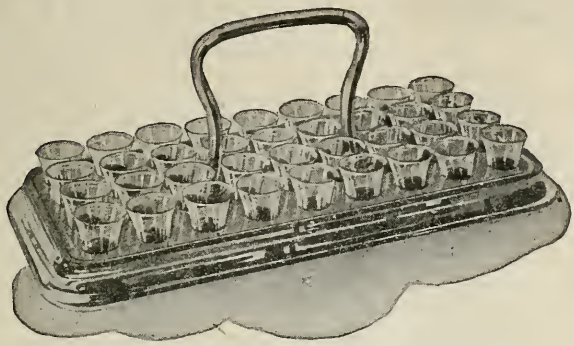

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